The War Moves on Rubber: RATIONING YOUR TIRES. By F. J. Wallace

JANUARY 13, 1942 FIFTEEN CENTS

NEW MASSES

BEHIND HITLER'S LINES

A firsthand dispatch from the Russian front by a correspondent who accompanied the guerrillas into enemy territory. By Konstantin Nepomnyaschy

THE BATTLE AGAINST KNUDSENISM

The fight rages in London and Washington. By Claude Cockburn and Bruce Minton

MUSTS AS CONGRESS OPENS

By the Editors

CLIFFORD ODETS' NEW PLAY

A review by Alvah Bessie

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Between Ourselves

ALWAYS in a time of emergency, NM has turned to its readers for suggestions and cooperation. Of course we do that in ordinary times too; the magazine could not do its job otherwise. And always our readers have been on hand and glad to help. Right now we are trying to tackle the most serious problem in NM's history. It is this—how the magazine can function *fully*, at the highest possible level of usefulness, in helping to bring about victory against the Axis. It isn't enough that we editors earnestly want to bring that about, that we think and talk and plan for it, that we scan our mail and keep our ears open for criticism and ideas. For the kind of program we want, a lot more is needed. That is where our readers come in. We have consulted you before individually, solicited your opinions through these columns and at mass meetings. Now we want you to confer with us in an open editorial board meeting. We want your suggestions: how NM can be improved and what you would like to contribute to that improvement. We want to discuss with you the serious business of how the magazine can be made to reach as wide an audience as possible, how to get new readers, new subscribers. In other words, we want you at Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th St., this Friday night, January 9, at eight o'clock sharp. Besides editors of NM, the speakers will include writers and artists like Benjamin Appel, Gropper, Isidor Schneider, Marc Blitzstein, Ralph Ellison, Samuel Sillen, William Blake, Herbert Aptheker, Alvah Bessie, and Michael Gold. Their addresses will be followed by discussion from the floor. *Admission is free.*

In a sense, the floor is already open for discussion. Here is a sample of several letters received during the past week—this one from two readers in Los Angeles: "As regular readers of NM we submit this letter to its Open Editorial Board Meeting on January 9. We send our warmest thanks and appreciation to the entire NM staff in all departments for the fine job it is doing. And we submit the following in the belief that the purpose of the open meeting is to permit the staff to promptly measure and cut its plans for 1942 to current events and to the best thought of its readers near and far.

"First, we believe that now more than ever, special effort should be made to increase NM circulation, particularly among workers in shop and field and school.

"Generally, in regard to the content of future issues of the magazine, everything that will contribute to victory and peace over the fascists should have first place in its columns. While we think that Bruce Minton and more like him should continue to report on the Washington, D. C., scene, we also think the subject of taxes should be given more emphasis. Already there is certain lobby pressure to unload the war debt burden on the little fellow and to block use of public funds for necessary social services. We also think someone might be assigned to present articles revealing more clearly to farmers the mutuality of theirs and the industrial workers' welfare. From our vantage point out here, we think our relations with Mexico and its economy should be given increasing consideration. Your current reportage and interpretation of the world war scene and the USSR are excellent. Finally, from the distaff side of this joint signature special request is made to me to express appreciation of Gropper, Ruth McKenney, and the book reviews."

We hope that other readers who are too far from Manhattan to attend the meeting in person will follow the example of these two correspondents. Those of you within traveling distance of Webster Hall—please be there Friday night.

A number of NM contributors are among those participating in the second series of Friday Night Readings conducted by the League of American Writers—wherein an author reads from a work in progress and the audience comments on it. Christina Stead will read from a new book (subject and form to be announced); Lillian Barnard Gilkes will read from her novel dealing with Arkansas sharecroppers; and Ben Field will read a short story about farm life. The commentators at the various sessions will include Isidor Schneider, Ralph Ellison, Edwin Berry Burgum, Alvah Bessie, Lee Hays, and David McKelvey White. The second series of Readings begins January 9 and continues weekly through February 20. They are held at 8:30 PM, Friday evenings, at 237 East 61st Street.

There are also a number of NM contributors on the faculty of this coming session of the Writers School, conducted by the League of American Writers. Joy Davidman is teaching a course in Theory and Technique of Poetry; Herbert Aptheker in the Technique of Historical Research; Samuel Putnam and Joshua Kunitz in translating from the romance languages and from Russian; Myra Page in the Short Story; and Wellington Roe in Article Writing. Other courses being taught are those in Source Material for the Writer; Writing for Children; Technique of Playwriting; Radio Writing; and Writing for the Labor Press. The next session of the school opens January 19.

Who's Who

RALPH BAILEY is the pen name of a New York physician. . . . Frank J. Wallace is a specialist in economics and has frequently written for NM. . . . Claude Cockburn, former editor of *The Week*, is NM's London correspondent. . . . Charles Humboldt is a critic of the arts and also frequently reviews books for NM.

Art Young's New Year's Card

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOLUME XLII, NO. 2

January 13, 1942

Raid by Night *by Konstantin Nepomnyaschy* 3
Releasing the Brakes *by Claude Cockburn and Bruce Minton* 7
Gropper's Cartoon 9
Vitamin Strategy *by Ralph Bailey* 10
No Time to Retire *by Frank J. Wallace* 12
This Is New Masses' Record 14
Musts for Congress *An Editorial* 17
Editorial Comment 18

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Moscow Diary *by Joseph Starobin* 20
An American Indian Leader *by Constance Hyatt* . . . 22

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Odets' New Play *by Alvah Bessie* 24
Three Movies *by Joy Davidman* 26
Paul Draper's Art *by Charles Humboldt* 28

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NEW MASSES
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RAID BY NIGHT

A remarkable report of a Soviet guerrilla attack behind the Nazi lines. One of "the best and most vivid pages in military history." The panic-stricken Germans screamed and shouted . . .

THE COMMANDER *of a guerrilla detachment explains a task to his men.*

Moscow (by cable).

I FIRST met Commander Yovlev in a tiny village in the Moscow region. He looked like a determined, energetic leader, as indeed he was. Three times the Nazis announced that they had finally annihilated Yovlev, and each time he came to life again. At the time I met him he had received a new assignment which entailed carefully thought out operations behind the enemy line. His detachment was well suited to such work, made up as it was of husky Red Army men, most of them lads between nineteen and twenty who had had plenty of experience in battle. Yovlev introduced me to them, and explained the importance of their work. "The best and most vivid pages in military history," he said, "deal with operations in the enemy country. No other phase of contemporary warfare produces such tangible and surprising results as lightning raids behind the enemy lines. Everything hinges on the determination and suddenness. But anyway," he concluded smilingly, "you'll see for yourselves not later than tomorrow."

In the dark of a moonless night our group started out, warmly clad and splendidly armed. The column trucks brought us to the front line. We alighted in a hamlet lost in the thickness of the woods and were cordially welcomed by a group of Red Army men stationed there. After spending two hours, very happy hours, with the men of the last Soviet outpost, we made our way to the front line. Yovlev and Commissar Strigunov led the way. With them was sixteen-year-old Mathew, probably the youngest partisan in this section of the Eastern Front. Mathew knows more about the Moscow woods than anyone else I've met. We passed wide collective farm fields and crossed woods. Over our heads were flashes of exploding shells and to the west we could see the signal rockets soaring and hear occasional shots from submachine guns.

It was late at night when we came to a halt at the foot of a low hill with a stream flowing around three sides of it. Mathew went ahead to reconnoiter and we had a long wait. Then the night stillness was broken by the screech of a bird. It was repeated several times and a similar sound came from the opposite direction. Only the commander knew the significance of these signals. Very soon we were joined by Mathew, who came running up full of excitement. "Yes, they're waiting for us," he whispered. "Come on." We continued on our way. Descending the steep bank, we crossed an ice-covered stream in pitch darkness, with only a smattering of white on the eastern horizon. Jakov M——, who had been sent out by local guerrillas, met us according to previous arrangement. His broad face, with a black beard, looked haggard but he smiled as he shook hands all around. "We've been waiting for you, friends," he said in a low voice. Then followed a brief conference with the commander, and we resumed our way along barely discernible forest paths.

We walked until the first gray of dawn appeared. Sudden noises in front frightened us to a halt, and our scouts reported that a German train was moving along the road ahead. The Nazi soldiers sitting on loads of hay were talking loudly. "You might think they were in their own country," remarked Sergeant Ryabov. Our commander decided to let the Germans pass unmolested, for there was no point in starting a long battle here. We did, however, attack the tail end of the column, broke away several wagons, wiped out their drivers, and let the horses loose. The woods through which we were passing rang with shell explosions. Apparently two Nazi soldiers who escaped us had reported our sudden attack and the Germans were combing the woods with artillery. They were too late, for our men were already beyond the danger zone and had sat down for a rest about five kilometers from the highway.

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While the men were building shelters out of fir branches, our scouts and guerrillas argued about who should go to the nearby village and find out the strength of the German garrison there. Everyone was eager to go, but finally our commander appointed a woman partisan, Yevdokia. Jakov gave her detailed instructions: "I was born in that village and my wife is still there," he said. "I want you to go into the third house on the left side of the main road and tell them you came from me." Then Jakov proceeded to explain how to find the road to the village.

Yevdokia left, and we continued with our work. Soon a number of well camouflaged shelters were erected in the heart of this snow-covered thicket. The evening was rather foggy and the commander allowed us to make small fires. Everybody was glad to be able to dry his clothes and cook food. After supper we prepared to turn in for the night. Soon everyone was asleep except the sentinels and the commander, who awaited the return of our scout. She came back very late at night and what she told us caused great excitement, particularly to Jakov.

"As soon as I reached the village, the moon came out," began Yevdokia in a low, calm voice. "I immediately took to the shady side of the road. It looked as if the moon was about to spoil everything. But I hadn't much time to think about that, for as soon as I looked around, it dawned on me that I had landed in a different village altogether. There were no village folk around, only Germans, and by sheer luck they didn't notice me. I spent the night under a huge fir tree on the edge of the woods and as soon as dawn came I decided to look around for the village T——. I reached it about noon, and the first thing I saw was a heap of corpses, thirteen of them, lying about at the village boundary. The inscription on the piece of pasteboard read 'Killed for Spying.' I wasn't long in locating the third hut on the left side of the road. I knocked, and a woman opened the door. I told her I was a schoolteacher from the neighboring village, looking for my children, and she invited me in. The hut was full of officers. The householder was sitting in a far corner as if hiding. I sat down near her and we began a conversation in low tones. She turned out to be Jakov's sister. You can't imagine what suffering and torture she had been through, but she was as firm and determined as ever. After a while we went out on the porch and continued our talk. Presently Jakov's wife joined us, and I gave her your message."

Yevdokia threw a quick glance at the bearded partisan. "I told her all I knew. She told me that the Germans were continually after her, wanting to know where her husband was. The other day a German officer came and said to her, 'Tell your husband that if he returns and makes a clean breast of everything, we will appoint him village mayor, and if he does not we'll just burn your house down.' 'Well they can darn well burn it,' she told me, 'and if you see Jakov tell him not to come back under any circumstances, I don't want him to abandon his duty because of me, and tell him not to worry, we will see it through somehow."

JAKOV, who was following every word, interfered at this point. "Yes, I know all that, but how about the Germans? What have you found out about them?" Our scout gave a detailed account of her observations, and as soon as she had finished, the commander ordered a night attack on several villages near T——. During that day some of our groups destroyed machines on the highway. Much to our disappointment all these cars were empty, apparently on the way to collect some freight. All that we could find in them were a few packs of cards and a German soldier's handbook. The commander promised our men more excitement as soon as night fell, and assigned us to different points in preparation for the attack. The group under Junior Lieutenant Rogozhin and Political Instructor Kalnitsky was dispatched to Village F—— with instructions to drive the Germans out of the warm houses and make as much noise as they could.

It was almost eleven o'clock when we stealthily crossed the highway and made our way to the village. The sentinel on the outskirts was disposed of without a sound. We entered the village just as somebody's flashlight directed its beam on our group. It was a German sentinel, but we gave him no time to shoot. There were no more guards on the village street, and our men found it easy to take up vantage points behind hedges and fences.

Kalnitsky peeped through the window of one hut and saw a group of German officers sitting around a table. A tall, lanky figure with an officer's greatcoat thrown over his shoulders was pacing the room. We could get a good look at him; judging by his insignia, he was a German general. Kalnitsky decided to attack this house first. Before giving the signal to act, he checked up to make sure that all the men were at their posts and prepared to open fire. When he returned and looked into the window again, the Germans were getting ready for supper. The general was sitting at the table which now had several bottles on it and officers were bustling about, preparing food and bringing dishes.

When everything was ready for the meal, we mounted our two light machine guns near the windows and were prepared to open fire. Our commander threw a hand grenade through the window—the signal for the attack to begin. And it began, with plenty of noise and shooting. A dozen or so hand grenades went smashing through the windows of the general's room and the tatatat of machine guns could be heard from all sides. The lights went out, but it was almost as bright as day. The whole village was in flames. The Nazi soldiers came hurtling out of the houses, astonished and frightened to death. Our commander had ordered lots of noise, and these Germans certainly made plenty of it. Screaming, shouting, crying, and

A Soviet Frontier Guard

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WORKERS *of the Stalin automobile plant at rifle practice*

whistling mingled with fire from submachine guns, drowned every other sound in the village. A few more hand grenades, thrown by our men into the midst of the panic-stricken Germans, gave the finishing touches to the fireworks. Everyone carried out orders and everyone made his way to the gathering point beyond the village, which was still ablaze. Huge flames could be seen several kilometers away. There were no more of our men in the village, but the Germans were sure the place was reeking with partisans.

After some minutes we could hear motors being started; the German officers took to their cars. Our commander at once saw that the machines would have to pass the village outskirts and we decided to meet them there. As soon as the first car appeared we sent an anti-tank grenade against it. The car was blown to smithereens. The remaining cars didn't risk this route. This incident only added to the chaotic shouting, shooting, and whistling in the village. Then in a flash another car dashed by our men. They had just time enough to make sure that the general wasn't in it. "Where are they heading?" one of us asked. "For village S——, I think," replied the political instructor. "But some of our lads are there now; I believe it's Lieutenant Guberov's group." Indeed Lieutenant Guberov's group was operating in S——.

WE MET Lieutenant Guberov only the next morning, and his report of the night's activities was, as usual, precise and laconic. His group, it appears, raided Village S—— which the fascists had converted into a fortified base. The Nazis drove all the inhabitants out of their homes and our men didn't hesitate to set them on fire. Guberov's group blew up the auto repair shop which contained two passenger cars and four barrels of petrol. Village S—— stands on a hill and the flames of its burning houses lit up the neighborhood for many miles. Toward morning Guberov noticed several cars passing down the road. The first car was out of reach, but the second was ambushed and hand grenaded. On the way back Guberov's men set fire to a large stack of hay belonging to the Germans. Many German soldiers were sleeping, dug deep into the hay. "We destroyed them all, every single one of them, and came home. That's about all, I think," concluded Lieutenant Guberov.

Commander Yovlev ordered all the men to rest but warned us it wouldn't be for long. A long column of German troop lorries was sighted on the road by our scouts—our job was to destroy them by sudden attack. After this news nobody wanted to rest and soon we were ready for action, lying in ambush about 300 meters at each side of the road. The Germans weren't as fast as we thought, however, and we had to lie in the snow behind the bushes till morning. Finally the column appeared. We counted sixty-two machines, most of them lorries but several petrol tanks, in the center column. Our plan was to attack the head and tail of the column simultaneously. The leading machines were sent hurtling into a ditch together with the German soldiers they carried. Some cars managed to break through and abruptly turned right. They crashed into the heavy fence of the village graveyard and remained there forever. Sergeant Usachev threw a few grenades at them. The first one exploded, but the second remained intact on the ground. Usachev crawled up to the burning machine, grabbed the grenade, and threw it right into the midst of the retreating German soldiers. This time the grenade exploded with deadly effect. With the petrol lorries on fire, the road was covered with thick black smoke so that the surviving Germans couldn't see us. All the cars were destroyed and traffic on this road wouldn't be resumed for a long time.

We got back to camp at dusk. It was gladdening to see a few bonfires, with kettles boiling and food cooking. Only the sentries remained outdoors. Most of us retired to our shelters for a well deserved rest. Though they were built of branches and situated in the old, dense forest, we thought they were the height of comfort. In fact, there was little to remind us of war, except for the boom of the cannon. At the front we were accustomed to hear artillery fire ahead; this time it was behind us. The front line was constantly moving up to our camp and then receding. We got only the echo of the great battles raging behind us.

Every now and then German fighters or attack planes appeared over our camp and the sound of artillery didn't cease for one minute. At times we could hear the guns barking close by, but in the thick woods we were quite safe. Three of the men had practically no rest during all of our operations—Commander Yovlev, Chief of Staff Major Latyshev, and Political Commissar Strigunov. Sitting over the maps, they drew up plans for new operations and received reports from the scouts. Late that night one of these scouts, Sergeant Berezovoy, appeared suddenly as

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if springing up from nowhere. Sergeant Berezovoy is a musician by education and a born scout by calling. When the war broke out, he gave up music to join the army and now he handles submachine guns with the same skill he handled the violin. Yovlev has great confidence in him and usually assigns him important and delicate jobs. "Large column of lorries moving up to the front," Berezovoy reported and proceeded to give details. Meantime, another man sent out with Berezovoy returned. His boots were soaked, and our nurse—everybody called her Birdie—took off her felt boots and offered them to the scout. "I will dry yours and then we'll swap again, how about that?" This was like Birdie, who was godmother, nurse, and cook, all in one.

Toward morning companies one and two returned from battle assignments and at last our whole detachment could sit down to breakfast. Everybody wanted to exchange notes on the night's experience but orders were not to talk too loud, so there were stage whispers and a general hum in every corner of camp. There was every reason to be satisfied with the night's operations, for we had done a good deal of damage to the enemy.

"Wouldn't be a bad idea to shave," someone suggested. "Never mind shaving; we look more terrifying as we are," retorted Lieutenant Gorshokov, "and the main thing is to terrify the Germans. They will be much more impressed when they see us this way." So shaving was ruled out for the time being, mainly because the nearest stream was about three kilometers away. Besides, that day we had more important things to do than shave.

THAT DAY a detail of our scouts left camp with special orders. All we knew was that they were instructed to determine the German strength in nearby villages. Yovlev was particularly insistent that they stick as close as possible to the woods. "Every step must be a cautious one," he told them. "You can sometimes afford to waive caution in battle, but not on reconnoitering duty." They tried to move as cautiously as possible, but every now and then it seemed that the sound of crunching snow would give them away. However, they reached the first village without particular adventure. It seemed very quiet, but quietness at the front is more often than not deceiving. Somebody pointed to a house with gaping holes instead of windows. "For some reason German planes always fly above that house in the daytime," remarked Lieutenant Liskunov. The scouts decided to lie low and wait for developments. To be sure, there was nothing suspicious about the house, just an ordinary peasant hut worse off for the shelling.

The first thing they saw was a German motorcyclist dashing through the village, halting abruptly at the hut. Now that looks strange. The scouts waited several more hours; it was night by this time. Exactly at midnight somebody's hand appeared in the broken window, followed by reddish yellow flame, and a flare went soaring to the sky. The whole operation took a few seconds and then everything was calm again. Of course this was a signal, but a signal for whom? The scouts didn't have to wait long for the answer. The drone of a motor could be heard from the left, and the scouts could see clearly that a plane circling over the village began to descend toward the hut. "Probably our plane preparing to drop some bombs," somebody whispered. "No fear, can't you tell by the drone engine? It's a German bomber or my name isn't Liskunov," retorted the lieutenant with ill concealed irritation. He was about to say something else, but stopped as a tall figure appeared in the window. This time three signal rockets went up.

There could be no doubt now that this was a beacon for the Nazi planes en route to Moscow. Liskunov ordered that the signalman be destroyed. The house was surrounded and several of our machine guns opened fire. The fascists were caught unawares, but their confusion lasted only a few minutes and they retaliated with well organized fire. The shooting brought the whole village to its feet, and the frightened German soldiers jumped out into the cold night. None of them knew what was happening, but all of them were shooting into the air, probably just to keep their spirits up. The German machine gunners sent volley after volley at the opposite end of the village. This sort of confusion was just what we wanted, and Liskunov sent a few of the scouts to take care of the two motorcycles standing near the house. It was a dangerous job because they had to crawl under the hail of enemy fire, but they got there and came back with the officers' bulky dispatch case. By this time three of our men had crept up to the windows and destroyed the fascists inside with hand grenades. The signalmen were accounted for and the general turnout of all the Germans in the village gave us a fair idea of the strength of their garrison.

There was nothing else to do here. We retired to the woods and examined the booty. It was anything but a lucky strike, for the bulky case contained mustard, a bottle of abominable schnapps, a Soviet-made soap box, pants, a rusty table knife, a gas mask, and no documents. We were far away from the village, but could still hear the Germans shooting. They had no sleep that night.

EVERYONE in the detachment was worried about Serg. Vassily Ryabov, who was severely wounded in a recent engagement. Though Ryabov insisted he could participate in further operations, Yovlev ordered him to bed and the nurse kept watch all day. Here is what happened to the sergeant. He was out on reconnaisance duty when he came across two truckloads of German infantry slowly moving down the highway. With two other men he opened fire, brought the machines to a halt, and accounted for most of the Nazis by well aimed shots. His two mates were killed, but Ryabov was unscratched. He was just about to leave to join the main body when a bullet brought him down. "I'm all right now," he would say, lying on a bed of fir branches, "but at first the pain was terrible. I knew I must go back to camp and report, for other lorries would be coming down the road. But I just couldn't find the strength to get up. I lay there looking at the sky, wondering that it seemed so near. At times I thought I was up there among the clouds. Then I lost consciousness and I don't know how long it was before I came to. I made a further effort to get up but couldn't do it. My only thought was to get back to camp and report even if I had to crawl on all fours."

And Ryabov did crawl. First he picked up three automatics, tied them around his neck, and crawled back to camp. He was in terrible pain when we picked him up and put him to bed. Now we were about to break camp and everybody volunteered to carry Ryabov. His own men were always with him and everyone tried to help the best he could. One day after we left camp Ryabov's condition was worse, and that evening he breathed his last. He was a great loss to all of us. We carried his body deep into the woods and buried him. Commissar Strigunov took off his gray fur cap and turning to us, bade our comrade a last farewell. "Vassily Ryabov fell like an honest soldier and hero. Let us pledge, comrades, to avenge his death, and may his heroic deeds be an example for all of us, may his fine heart inspire us to battle and victory."

We covered the fresh grave with green branches. It stood out on the white snow as a symbol of eternal youth. None of us will ever forget Sergeant Ryabov, and I promised his friends I would tell how he met death when we returned. It was quite dark when the commander gave the signal to continue the march. We fell in line and prepared to cover over thirty kilometers across the forests and half dozen swamps. . . .

But we will come back to this spot, we will come back after the war to erect a monument of white marble, white as the snow now covering Ryabov's grave. It will be a monument to a man who can serve as a model of a Soviet soldier.

KONSTANTIN NEPOMNYASCHY.

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RELEASING THE BRAKES

Reports on production from two capitals. Claude Cockburn notes an important confession in the conservative London "Times" . . . . Bruce Minton tells why Knudsen and Knudsenism must go.

London (by cable)

THE flat statement that British industrial production probably can be raised by forty percent has reached the columns of the London *Times*. To people who do not know the *Times'* particular position, or who do not visualize the huge implications of such an increase, this news may not seem sensational. Yet the *Times* article, entitled "Brakes on Production . . . How the Money Factor Affects Output," is a political event of great importance. First of all, it directly follows from the wave of criticism regarding production which resulted in the first big parliamentary "revolt" of the war. I refer to the occasion, which I discussed in NEW MASSES of Sept. 23, 1941, when forty Labor members of Parliament introduced a resolution demanding nationalization of the principal essential industries. Furthermore, the *Times* more or less explicitly recognizes the practicability of the demands which were initiated and pressed by the shop stewards in the armament industries. This is an important indication of a development which once seemed fantastic to many people.

But, as I forecast long ago, the movement toward recognizing the shop stewards' place on the joint production committees, and the necessity for cooperation by the managements in establishing such committees, is gaining ground among some of the most influential quarters in big industry. The *Times* says, for instance, that "joint production committees in the factories, representative of managements and men, have been set up to an increasing extent, and have already achieved much in expanded output. The government [here the *Times* means Lord Beaverbrook] have wisely favored this innovation, for the men at the benches have knowledge, experience, and ideas to contribute. These committees have been helpful in improving the relations between the two sides in industry. They have been brought closer and are coming to know and understand each other's views. Too often in the past the shop stewards, the direct representatives of the factory army, have had no one to whom to put ideas and suggestions. But to achieve higher production we have to move farther and faster from the prewar practice of restricting capacity and output. Since this is total war against a ruthless and strongly equipped enemy, many believe that the wisest organization of production would be the full mobilization and control of all our industrial resources in the national interest."

THAT, coming from the *Times,* is a great deal. I doubt that such words from such a quarter would have seemed credible six months ago when the Shop Stewards National Council was first organizing its drive for a huge improvement in production. Nevertheless, the stewards did believe that sooner or later the correctness of their view would be forced upon the national consciousness. The observations of the *Times* are interesting alike for their intrinsic importance, for their indication of the development in big business' appreciation of the production problem, and as an example of the economic thinking which has evolved here after more than two years of war.

Particularly striking passages in the *Times* article include the following: "The encouraging reality of a mighty flow of munitions is offset by a less pleasing side to the picture. The government seek power to conscript more labor at a time when men and women already in the factories are there for hours at a time, and when many willing women are impeded in their efforts to serve because the provision of nurseries for their children, school meals, and British restaurants is wholly inadequate." And: "As things are, the chairman of the company, even though it be of the most vital importance to our scheme of production, is in the delicate position of having a duty to his shareholders outside his duty to the nation, and it is possible for dividends, present or future, to have an influence on production and thus on the course of the war."

Concerning the government's cost-plus system of contracting, the article says, "However patriotic and enthusiastic about the national effort a firm may be, where the return on a job depends on how costly it can be made, the inducement to put self first is strong. Where this happens, the nation pays in hard cash, but the more serious loss is in wasted time and labor." The *Times* observes that the cost-plus system is now less widely practiced than it was some time ago, and notes the adverse report on this system issued by the select committee on national expenditure. It may be remarked that the committee's report was, to a large extent, based upon and influenced by the reports sent it from the production conference organized by the Shop Stewards National Council. It is a particularly encouraging and significant example of what can be achieved by the determined, practical work of the men on the job and their direct representatives. Finally, the *Times* states that "Concern about the future is being given too prominent a place in the plans and activities of too many industrial concerns."

This, in the view of most independent experts, is the nub of the problem. The steel industry recently had to defend itself passionately against charges that many things useful and even vital for increased war production were being left undone with an eye to the industry's position after the war and the fear of "redundant" productive capacity in the future. The arguments advanced were probably correct in the main, but it is absolutely certain—and almost everyone would admit it in private—that the charges against industry and industrial management at the top are, on the whole, well founded. Which is why it is of particular importance that the matter should be frankly treated by the *Times*—for in recent weeks I have personally been told over and over that the subject was far too "tender" to be publicly mentioned at all, least of all in such a journal as the *Times*. CLAUDE COCKBURN.

★

Washington.

AS THIS is read, the President will have presented his victory production program to Congress. It is a foregone conclusion that the proposals will be accepted in all essentials. But acceptance will not bring fulfillment. That must depend on the success of the fight to purge certain government agencies of Knudsenism. The fight is already intense. But have no illusion that those whose refrain is "It can't be done!" will give up without a furious struggle.

It is necessary to understand how Knudsenism works before

Mr. Knudsen of OPM

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this evil can be ended. There are countless examples. Here I want to give the history of the reception accorded by Knudsen to the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' plan to increase copper, lead, and zinc production. Two months ago (NEW MASSES, November 18) I outlined the union's suggestions; the subsequent treatment of the plan is typical of the way those in OPM who follow Knudsen's precepts can frustrate any attempt to raise production to higher levels.

On December 9 Philip Murray, president of the CIO, formally introduced the non-ferrous metals plan in a letter to President Roosevelt. Simultaneously the union sent the detailed program to OPM and SPAB.

Ten days later President Roosevelt replied to Mr. Murray in these words: "I understand that conferences are being held with representatives of the union and the industry looking toward larger production of these essential materials. Preliminary reports which I have received with reference to the program . . . indicate that it may prove a useful contribution to their discussions."

The President added, "In the present emergency our needs are obviously so great that all groups must pool their knowledge of production problems and must work together to find some means to overcome production difficulties."

In the light of this expressed approval, the Knudsen group in OPM could not very well ignore the union's memorandum, as previously, for months, this same handful of obstructionists had ignored the Reuther plan for the automobile industry, and the Murray plan for industry councils. Besides, the MMSW outline was made public the day after war was declared against Japan: Knudsen and his fellows could not, considering the circumstances, wave aside constructive ideas without a pretense of exploring them. The union had prepared its study with the knowledge of the OPM, and in cooperation with certain OPM officials who had expressed almost complete agreement with the union's position. Again, the union had wisely publicized the plan in advance; it was news, with an unusual amount of interest aroused in labor's contribution to a key production problem. In the fourteen months that Knudsen had been in charge of war production, nothing had been done to solve the crucial shortages that had rapidly made themselves felt in copper, lead, and zinc.

Knudsen, however, was not caught napping. He knew that SPAB had promised the union hearings, where all parties—government, management, labor—would be allowed full opportunity to testify. Knudsen's office took no chances. The SPAB was persuaded to call off its hearings on the ground that such a procedure would only delay OPM *action*. For its part, the OPM called a meeting, intimating that real results would follow this first instance of a management-labor-government discussion of how to achieve greater production.

THE MEETING took place on December 18, called by Sidney Hillman, associate director general of OPM. Hillman participated not only as official OPM representative but also as head of the OPM's labor division. W. L. Batt spoke for the materials division, with D. H. Uebalacker, chief of the copper and zinc division, adding specific knowledge of the non-ferrous metals industry. From OPA, Donald Wallace had the authority to state policy on all matters concerning prices. Thus, every interested government agency was present. For industry, the most important producers—Anaconda, Kennecott, Calumet Hecla, American Metals—sent high spokesmen. Pres. Reid Robinson of the MMSW, with other union leaders, represented labor, while the AFL also attended in order to talk for the few workers it had organized in the industry.

Sidney Hillman made a speech—and left for New York. W. L. Batt made a speech—and left for another engagement. And the conference turned out to be exactly what the OPM had promised it would not be when the SPAB agreed to cancel its scheduled hearings. The government representatives failed to channelize the discussion; industry insisted on dealing with only one question—price. The talk fest finally broke up without considering a single proposal contained in the union's program, without making any provision for future action.

Knudsen had substituted for action an empty routine. That was that. Suggestions for raising production had been duly noted, commented upon, and could thereupon be forgotten.

But the union refused to accept this runaround. Last week Philip Murray again wrote President Roosevelt, pointing out that the union was the "only group to present any concrete program to increase the production of key non-ferrous metals." Yet, "It is reported to me . . . that despite the drastic shortage of copper, there was an inexplicable failure by the government officials involved to take advantage of the conference to enlist parties present in a concrete program to increase production. The conference ended without result, without setting up machinery or taking steps to guarantee increased production."

Of such stuff is Knudsenism made. The MMSW program met the same fate as the Murray Plan, the Reuther Plan, the UAW suggestions to prevent unemployment, the Bridges longshore plan, the aluminum plan, the steel plan. "Business-as-usual" prevailed in each instance—and still prevails even though the nation is involved in a mortal struggle. Knudsenism has rejected labor's every attempt to raise production levels—it judges labor's concern as violation of "management's prerogatives." The Knudsen group, speaking for a few heads of large corporations interested only in profits, falls back on the bankrupt Red scare of "socialism" when its cynical apathy is challenged. The Senate's Truman committee learned from a monopoly spokesman that his company would lose interest in production the moment the war effort threatened to limit profits. Production increases, according to this witness, would only be acceptable if management kept complete control in its hands without the suspicion of labor or government participation, and never, under any circumstance, if increases lowered profits or even kept them at present levels.

KNUDSENISM has had its fling—for fifteen long months. Its results have been serious shortages not only of non-ferrous metals, but also of aluminum, steel, plastics, every other vital war material. It failed to win conversion of American plant capacity to the needs of war. It caused 400,000 workers in the automobile industry alone to lose jobs at this critical time. It repulsed every offer to cooperate by every group interested in expanding production. It granted contracts to a handful of companies, excluding more than three-quarters of the producers in the metal industries, and a still larger number in other categories. It discriminated against small producers. In other words, it has failed in its task, totally, abysmally. And now Knudsenism greets the President's Victory Production Program with the glum words that schedules cannot be fulfilled.

Knudsenism is incompatible with winning the war. There is not a union representative in Washington who does not know this simple fact. Every spokesman of industry I have seen or heard about, who has come here in the past months with a sincere desire to learn how he could improve his company's war effort, has concluded that Mr. Knudsen is the main obstacle. Government officials with whom I have talked, and who are out to smash the Axis, privately admit that as long as Knudsenism holds sway, production will move slowly at best. Knudsenism has infected more than one man in high office. It is a way of thinking—certain Frenchmen thought in similar terms. Such an attitude won't win the war. Nor is it sufficient to replace Mr. Knudsen with a more vigorous and devoted person. The need is for all those in responsible positions to think in terms of victory, allowing nothing to interfere with the drive for production and still more production. No other approach can be squared with the unity of purpose that is the driving force of the American people and their government today.

BRUCE MINTON.

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VITAMIN STRATEGY

The nation's health as a key to greater armaments output. Manpower lost through illness and accident. How morale is affected by improper nutrition.

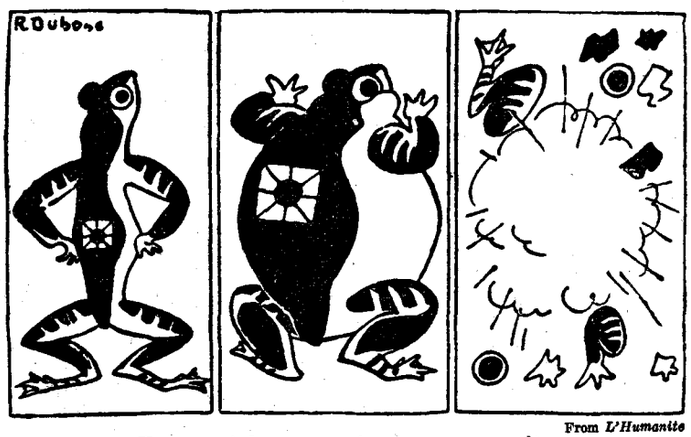
IF A SIMPLE, easily effected method were suggested whereby the nation could produce five additional battleships or 16,407 more combat tanks a year, there is not one patriotic American who would not enthusiastically support the proposal. This is the amount of armaments which Surgeon General Parran estimates could be built by only ten percent of the huge amount of manpower now going to waste through lost time from illness and accidents. Does this illustration make clear the importance of good health to the winning of the war? Let us look at some more interesting facts. Three hundred and fifty million man-days were lost in industry in 1940 from disability, this being equivalent to 1,000,000 men working a full year. As everyone knows, in this war of machines every tank, every plane, every gun which rolls off the production lines has assumed immense importance, and in fact at the present time at least seventeen workers in the factories are needed to keep one soldier in the field. From all this, it may readily be perceived that even a slight improvement in the nation's health is equivalent to victory in an important battle on a major front.

THE MOST CRUCIAL POINTS on the health front are the defense factories, for here too much lost time on account of disability could well be disastrous. Intimately bound up with this question is the health of the defense areas. Shops are working under high pressure. There is a greater risk from hazardous chemicals which are being used in larger quantities. Accidents are therefore more likely to occur unless special measures are taken.

On the other hand, with the great expansion of plants and the increase in industrial health dangers, a shortage has developed of physicians trained in factory medical service, especially in the small shops where a large section of the workers is employed. In these, the health work is carried out on a part-time basis by the practicing medical profession of the local communities.

The rapid expansion of defense areas has created acute health problems and a similar situation exists in regions adjacent to cantonments. Most of the camps and many of the plants are located in open country or near small towns, resulting in the extremely rapid growth of these communities. There is, for example, the Hampton Roads region of Virginia where $500,000,000 is being spent on ship construction. Other mushrooming shipbuilding towns are Portsmouth, N. H. and Bremerton, Wash. Unfortunately in some of these areas the existing sanitary and health facilities are genuinely primitive. At least 1,500,000 people will have migrated to such small communities by the time the armaments program is in full swing, and there is an immediate need in these places for expansion of water supplies, sewerage, milk distribution, hospitals, and mosquito control for prevention of malaria.

The Division of Industrial Hygiene of the US Public Health Service has already done much to improve factory health. New personnel has been trained, government arsenals and munitions plants have been surveyed, and much technical assistance has been furnished state factory hygiene units. Consultation services in industrial hygiene have been provided for over 600 shops. An effort is being made to give a partial training in industrial health to those physicians servicing small factories on a part-time basis. Congress has set aside $150,000,000 for the building of public works necessary to the health of communities in defense areas. Hospitals are among the most important of these projects, and construction has already started on many of them.



From *L'Humanite*

Frog with a mania for expansion

FOOD AND NUTRITION also occupy an important place in wartime health efforts and this is recognized by most authorities. A great amount of attention is being given the subject at present. Not only does an insufficient total quantity of food cause ill health, but widespread disease also results from the prevalent lack of one or more of the protective elements, proteins, certain minerals, and the vitamins. Such dietary deficiencies may cause sickness directly, or, more commonly, weaken the body, making it prey to numerous infections and other maladies.

Food is highly important for the maintenance of national morale. Scientific work has demonstrated that a sudden reduction in the diet considerably lessens the affected person's ability to withstand shock. The author observed this phenomenon in Spain, while serving as a medical officer in the republican army. When the food situation in Catalonia deteriorated rapidly and suddenly in 1938, there was a noticeable drop in morale among the civilian population, although other bolstering factors prevented too widespread demoralization.

Because total war demands that the entire population be kept on the highest possible level of health, it is essential that everything possible be done to eradicate the widespread malnutrition existing in the country. The war has not and will not reduce the supply of foodstuffs. In fact, belligerent activity has caused a reduction in food exports, thereby creating a tendency to increase the stocks remaining within the given country. The rising cost of food, however, tends to reduce the amounts that can be purchased and this must be met by corresponding increases in wages and by governmental ceilings on prices.

Aside from the highly important solution of these economic questions, much can be done to improve the nutritional situation through education and through a more intensive distribution to the public of the particular essential food elements which are lacking. Dr. Lydia Roberts gave an outline of an excellent prospective educational program at the recent Conference of the Milbank Memorial Fund. Such a program would include

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translating the findings of research into everyday language with wide dissemination of this knowledge, and educating the public about the necessity for good nutrition. "General education means deliberately entering into the fields now largely usurped by commercial interests and using them for public welfare. The time has come when some organization interested in public welfare rather than commercial profit should take over the air and broadcast sound nutrition education to the public." Other avenues of education are food demonstrations, adult education classes, and leaflets and posters in public places.

Under the slogan of "Food Joins the Colors," New York City has recently launched a vigorous educational campaign to bring the facts about nutrition to residents of the metropolis, which may well serve as an example to other cities. This is being accomplished through classes, radio talks, the press, pamphlets, motion pictures, consultation services, and special courses for professional people.

Many plans have been advocated for furnishing the people with an adequate supply of the missing vitamins, minerals, and proteins. But the most practical plan at the present time seems to be the one which would add these food elements to the inexpensive staple foods which are widely used. This has already been done to a certain extent with flour and bread, which are being enriched in many localities with nicotinic acid, Vitamin B_1, Vitamin G, and iron. The other vitamins in the large family called the "Vitamin B Complex" may also be added to flour.

Vitamin A and Vitamin D may be incorporated into butter, margarine, and lard at very little expense. After the fat is removed from milk, the remaining skim milk contains much of the mineral calcium, some of the vitamins, and very nutritious forms of protein. The skim milk could be dried and the resulting solids, say, from a quart, sold at a tenth of what a quart of whole milk costs. If this were added to sugar in a practical mixture, the average person would thereby be furnished with a minimal quota of the most necessary proteins which he would take with his sweets. The most economical method of supplying the people with Vitamin C is by way of large quantities of citrus fruits, and the growers could be subsidized, if necessary, to make fruit available to all.

THERE ARE special problems in the field of medical care which have arisen and will arise due to the war. Large rural areas were without sufficient physicians in peacetime and the war has a tendency to aggravate this situation because the largest proportion of medical volunteers for the army are doctors from rural districts. Just as in World War I, contagious diseases will probably show considerable increase and the number of tuberculosis cases will most likely mount, as it always does in times of great physical stress. Among the great influx of new people into defense areas, there are about twenty-five percent who do not have sufficient income to pay the costs of major illness and residence laws prevent them from receiving free medical care from the local communities.

The doctors and other medical resources should be carefully rationed so that they are not withdrawn from areas where they are especially needed. The American Medical Association and its component medical societies are furnishing much aid in this endeavor. The federal government should make preparations to combat any increase in contagious diseases and a possible mounting tuberculosis rate should be met by an increase in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. The chief modern weapons in such a campaign are tuberculin tests and X-ray examinations of people who have previously associated with newly discovered tubercular patients, and the treatment of those found infected. The federal government should provide free medical care in defense areas for those ineligible for local service, and this can be accomplished through the Office of Health Defense and Welfare Services in Washington which was recently formed partly for this purpose.

The most important aspect of civilian mental health in wartime is the effect of various nervous and mental states on the national morale. This has come to play such a large part that psychiatric strategy and tactics are being placed in the first rank. There are many psychic factors which may contribute to demoralization.

This state may occur in its acute form under conditions in which a person's entire ideology is suddenly proved to be built on the quicksands of self-deception, and his whole world seems to collapse. Acute demoralization may occur when a person becomes quite insecure, and is confused about, or cannot understand, the reasons for this circumstance. A person may become demoralized too if he is in a state of dissatisfaction or insecurity, but can do nothing to improve the situation.

ESPECIALLY SERIOUS is the effect upon children of the fears and demoralization among adults. When unaffected by such attitudes of older people, children carry on without harmful mental reactions, but they are very susceptible to imitation, and behavior problems arise unless they are protected from the destructive adult moods.

Demoralization through a markedly false ideology or a lack of understanding may obviously be avoided by education of the public to the true purposes and aims of the war effort and by keeping it informed as near to the truth as possible concerning the actual military situation. As suggested above, adequate food is important in bolstering morale. Many persons have empirically found that they can prevent demoralization by reassuring themselves through doing something that helps. And this may be utilized on a mass scale by encouraging the public to constructive preoccupation with activities giving a feeling of accomplishment.

Special attention must be paid the children. Possibly methods will be found to protect them from adult fears. Much can be accomplished by stimulating in them the feeling of being needed through harnessing their energies to an important cause, the cause of democracy.

RALPH BAILEY.

A Russian Poster

In like a lion, out like a hare

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NO TIME TO RETIRE

Japan's attack threatens our East Indian crude rubber sources. How tire rationing works. The true beginning of war economy in the United States. Its significance for the future.

THE sleepy boy in the Fisk ads has blown out his candle and retired for the duration. For the rationing of rubber tires means that the great majority of American car owners will not be able to buy another pair of *new* tires until World War II is ended. The assault on Pearl Harbor signalized the immediate threat to our East Indian crude rubber sources. Not only must we at once restrict all rubber stocks now in our hands to military and the most essential civilian uses, but we have to face the possibility of a long interruption to further shipments from the Far East.

Less publicized has been the fact that coincident with tire rationing the OPA set the maximum retail prices for tires and tubes as those in effect on Nov. 25, 1941, before Japan jeopardized future rubber supplies. Thus those eligible to buy new tires after January 5 are not only assured of a supply but also protected against profiteering. That at least is the intention. But it must be remembered that in the absence of a price control bill the powers of the price administrator are limited mostly to unfavorable publicity for the recalcitrant. And any price control bill that does not have swift and severe penalties embodied in it will be useless and terribly harmful to our war effort.

The deprivations which war forces upon the civilian population are beginning to pounce upon us. Possibly the major significance at the moment of the rationing of rubber tires is the fact that this is the first instance of wartime rationing affecting the American people. It is not without an ironic symbolism that rationing enters the American home through the garage. Nor should we overlook the fact that rationing of so important an item in both the American economy and the American *mores* becomes necessary within less than one month of our entrance into the war.

Because the automobile enters our lives at every point and every moment, and since tire rationing and reduced production of automobiles for civilian use will, with other influences, tend to reduce automobile travel during the war, this move to conserve rubber supplies reveals on study the pattern of war economy in the United States. Let there be no easy-going assumption that the restrictions will creep on us slowly and give us time for adjustment. Many will be sudden.

True, for the time being, and for possibly six to eight months, practically every car and truck on the highways can continue to run without concern for the rationing of rubber. But note that while the average consumption of automobile drivers is 4,000,000 new tires a month, the national quota for rubber tires for civilian use was set at 356,974 tires for January, and of these the maximum for passenger cars will be 114,191. The January 1941 production of new automobiles was 418,350 cars. For January 1942 the industry was ordered to cut the output to 204,848. No quota has been assigned for February and there is a possibility, says a dispatch from Washington, that production of automobiles for civilian use will be stopped altogether for the entire month in order to conserve rubber and steel. Thus the wiseacres who figured that the way to get around tire rationing was simply to buy a new car which would come complete with new rubber may be outsmarted.

The average American car owner will probably not take this rationing of tires too seriously for a while. Tires can be rebuilt, regrooved, recapped, built up so that they give seventy-five percent or more of the mileage of a new tire. But the rubber going into these operations may also become more valuable for military and essential civilian uses. Already, in fact, vast changes in our lives have been dictated by this order.

Since new cars will be practically unavailable soon, most car drivers will tend to conserve both car and rubber by using their cars less. Crowded streets may see thinner traffic. Salesmen who have, most of them, covered their territories by car are now already planning on rail and bus trips. But this means eliminating many smaller towns, less important customers, especially with restrictions on civilian production of almost every variety. Furthermore, many younger salesmen are enlisting or being called to the colors. The buying habits of the country's merchants will change as they are forced to flock to the metropolitan centers to shop for goods.

DELIVERIES TO CONSUMERS are sharply restricted. Coal, oil, and ice trucks may secure tires. But department stores will not be able to buy tires for their trucks. Already they are planning to reduce deliveries, cut down on returns and exchanges—eventually they hope to cut them out, but then there will be so little difference between the department stores and the chains that the department stores will lose out. Taxis will not be able to buy new tires. Farmers can get tires for farm equipment but not for cars or trucks.

How will tire distribution be controlled? Each state is setting up an office in charge of a state rationing administrator or state director of rationing. Local defense councils are being notified that a county administrator of tires must be nominated at once. In fact, in New York Governor Lehman has notified the defense councils that "no tires can be rationed in your county until county administrator has been named and sworn in." This county administrator is to allocate the county's quota of tires among the local rationing boards. Said one state director, "There is absolutely no way in which any person can obtain authorization to buy a new tire or tube outside of the limited classifications defined by the federal government."

These classifications take in the following only: cars of physicians, surgeons, visiting nurses, and veterinarians; fire and police equipment; public health, garbage removal, and mail vehicles; school and public buses, and certain types of workers' buses carrying ten or more persons; trucks carrying fuel, ice, material, and equipment for specified types of construction, maintenance, and repair; trucks used by a common carrier; vehicles necessary for carrying raw materials, manufactured and semi-manufactured goods, farm tractors or other farm implements other than automobiles and trucks.

Observe then how this rationing of tires ripples out until it affects the lives of practically every person in the country. There can be no question of the imperative necessity for the move. The United States gets ninety-seven percent of its crude rubber from the Far East. From seventy-five to eighty percent of all crude rubber has been used for tires, and less than a year's supply of the raw material was on hand at the close of last October, according to the Rubber Manufacturers Association.

The rubber diverted from tire making goes into military production. According to the Office of Emergency Management there are seventy-five tons of rubber, enough for 10,345 tires, used for insulation and other purposes in a 35,000 ton battleship. A twenty-eight ton tank requires one ton of rubber for track treads, while a two-and-a-half ton Army truck with eight wheels and four extra tires has a quarter of a ton of

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Hugo Gellert

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

". . . On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

rubber. Rubber is also used for aircraft tires and for the new leak-proof gasoline tanks for war planes.

It is in the administration of rationing that a socially conscious viewpoint is essential for the maintenance of civilian morale. For this reason it is important that the labor movement be represented on all boards of control both of prices and rationing. There must be no "black markets" here for desirable but hard-to-get commodities. No greased palms must be permitted to divert sorely needed items to non-essential but ready-money folk. Nor should the rationing of any item be allowed to become the pretext for either higher prices or lowered quality when such rationing does not affect either price or quality.

In the opinion of J. J. Pelley, president of the Association of American Railroads, "the ban on new tires for private motorists may not bring the United States back to horse and buggy days as has been predicted, but it will bring it back to the era of railway transportation." Since increased passenger travel and also freight is to be expected by the railroads from this drop in the use of motor vehicles, the Railroad Brotherhoods together with the rest of the labor movement may well have a strong case against the higher rates which the Interstate Commerce Commission has recently granted the roads to compensate them for the wage boost the workers at long last have received.

The rationing of tires and the sharp reduction in quotas for production of tires, points to the rubber centers as new sore spots in the emerging problem of "priorities unemployment." An army of tire and automobile salesmen face unemployment. Another army must be recruited to take care of the growing business of rebuilding tires. The manufacture of synthetic rubber and the use and cultivation of new vegetable sources for crude rubber are both sharply encouraged. The results of the new order rationing tires are myriad and their recital could well nigh be endless.

For this is the true beginning of war economy in the United States. The days of flitting about and pleasure, of idling and stepping on the gas with loud honking, the days, in short, of peace and unconcern are gone. Probably nothing so pointedly reminds the American people of that fact as the rationing of tires and the reduction in automobile production.

FRANK J. WALLACE.

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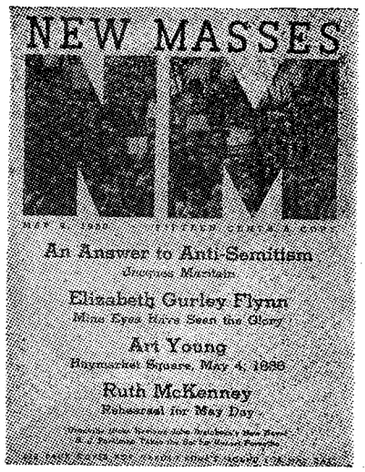
NM, Sept. 30, 1941

EXPOSING THE FIFTH COLUMN

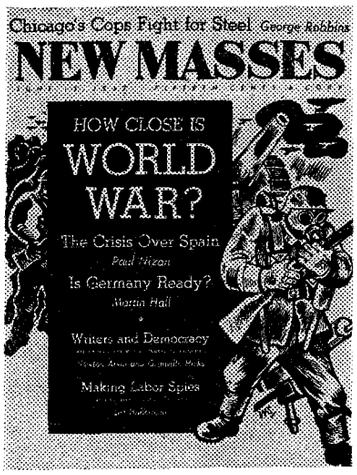
Yesterday people knew Laura Ingalls as an aviator and leading speaker at America First meetings. Today people know her as an accused Nazi agent, who carried on her work for America First under instructions received from the second secretary of the German Embassy. But long before Laura Ingalls was arrested, John L. Spivak put his finger on the America First Committee in a sensational series in NEW MASSES. Beginning with the issue of Sept. 30, 1941, Spivak exposed the connections of America First with Nazi agents and native fascists and anti-Semites. It was NEW MASSES, in fact, which published the first major expose of Nazi activities in the United States, written by Spivak in 1934-35. He put the spotlight on Frederick Duquesne and other Nazi agents. The other day Duquesne, master-spy, got 15 years.



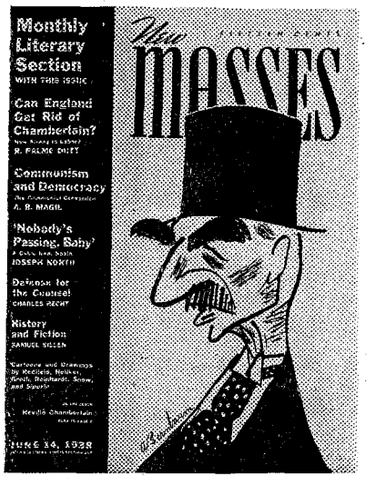
NM, May 2, 1938

THIS IS NEW M

The panorama of its past points to our obligations in the future. All of



NM, June 15, 1937



NM, June 14, 1938

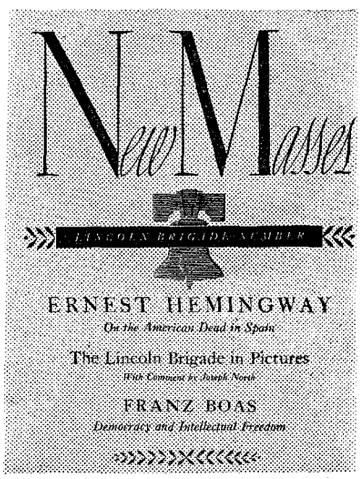
SPOTLIGHT ON FINLA

"To this day, despite the So
'democratic' Finland looks to h
from the Bolshevik dragon. The
to defy the vast Soviet Union
romantic newspaper readers. Bu
heim in 1939, like the bravery of
he massacred the wives and child
is based on the possibility of Ge
1939.

TOWARD THE ANTI-AXIS ALLIANCE

"More decisive action by the United States, and not withdrawal from world affairs, as the isolationists advocate, is essential if the German, Italian, and Japanese fascist cabal is to be prevented from continuing the barbarous aggressions which make war inevitable. Action by the United States is necessary not merely for altruistic reasons and out of general feelings of sympathy for all countries where some measure of democratic government prevails, but from considerations of the most practical self-interest. For what threatens Europe and Asia today will threaten the United States tomorrow."—NM, Oct. 11, 1938.

"When I arrived in Barcelona last week, I visited many of the thirty-five apartment houses blown to bits by high-power bombs from Italian planes, dropped the day before, a sunny Sunday morning. I saw dismembered and mutilated babies and mothers being removed from the wreckage. In my mind rose the question, how long will it be before similar bombs drop on New York, Chicago, San Francisco, with similar results 'at home' to our women and children—perhaps to my own family too. . . . What reason have we to assume that America is immune to this madness that is sweeping the world? What reason have we to think we can shut ourselves away from it all, and with impunity wash our hands of the fate of our brothers in other lands?"—Earl Browder, NM, March 1, 1938.



NM, Feb. 14, 1939

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MUSTS FOR VICTORY

An Editorial

THE second session of the Seventy-seventh Congress has opened in the shadow of Pearl Harbor and Manila. That shadow can be lifted, Pearl Harbor and Manila avenged, the tide of battle turned decisively not only in the Pacific, but in the Atlantic, in Africa, and in the major center of Axis power, Europe. This turn can be made and victory grasped or closely approached if every ounce of our national energy is thrown into the war effort, if every private interest is subordinated to the common interest, if at the front and at home every man and every machine work unremittingly for the total destruction of the enemies of America and of mankind.

This is the spirit of President Roosevelt's message on the state of the Union, an inspiring document which sets the goal of $56,000,000,000 for our war program in the coming fiscal year, with 60,000 planes, 45,000 tanks, and 20,000 anti-aircraft guns to be produced in 1942.

Production.—Production will decide the war. If many of us failed to realize it in the past, or realized it only abstractly, today we must understand it with our blood and nerves: production of the weapons of war will determine life or death for America, for each one of us. The anti-Axis nations have a preponderant advantage in manpower and economic resources. But they are utilizing both only partly, while the Axis powers are employing their smaller human and economic resources to the full. The United States alone can produce three tons of steel for every two made by the Axis and Axis-dominated countries; it produces more than twice the oil of the rest of the world combined; it possesses, besides raw materials, the greatest industrial plant in the world. But all this has not helped the defenders of the Philippines and of Malaya, who are being pressed back for lack of planes and tanks. It is only when steel and aluminum and copper and oil and our marvelous machinery begin to speak the language of tanks, planes, guns, and all kinds of lethal instruments in such quantities as to cancel out, in combination with what our allies produce, the present Axis superiority in armaments and their time-space advantage of shorter supply lines—it is only then that the war not only on the Soviet and Libyan fronts, but on a world scale will reverse its course and we will move forward to victory. This job of production must be done in 1942. It must be done within the next weeks and months.

However, the mere appropriation of huge sums will not get production, and get it in time. We need a guiding brain, a collective brain, as well as hands. This requires a housecleaning in Washington, a housecleaning that will sweep out business-as-usual and end chaos and bungling by creating an over-all civilian board for planning and procurement. As Bruce Minton points out in his article elsewhere in this issue: "Knudsenism is incompatible with winning the war." Knudsenism must go.

The labor movement and other progressives, who for months pointed to the perils of business as usual, are today no longer voices in the wilderness. Many others are being heard and even so conservative a commentator as Walter Lippmann has spoken up in two columns on December 27 and January 3, as has Raymond Clapper in the Scripps-Howard press. And both agree with the House's Tolan committee, with organized labor, and with the all-out group of defense officials about the need for an over-all civilian planning and procurement board. In addition, labor supply should be centralized in the Department of Labor.

Labor.—A second indispensable step, if we are actually to produce over $50,000,000,000 of war supplies annually, is the inclusion of labor, side by side with management and government, in the cooperative planning and direction of the production program. This is perhaps not the time for invidious comparisons, but the fact is that during those months when big business was, in Lippmann's words, preoccupied with "a record-breaking commercial boom," organized labor was devoting its brains to producing the Reuther plan for building planes in auto plants, and the various other plans for steel, aluminum, copper, longshore work, etc. Not as a reward for their patriotism, but *because total production is impossible unless the practical knowledge and experience of the workers are utilized to the full* is the enlistment of labor's partnership so urgent. In England they are coming to it after the same painful mistakes that we are making. Joint production committees are already boosting output in many British factories, and Claude Cockburn tells in this issue of NEW MASSES how that bulwark of British conservatism, the London *Times,* applauds this development and demands further drastic measures. On January 5 we took an important step in the same direction with the establishment, under the jurisdiction of the OPM, of a joint management-labor conversion committee in the auto industry.

But we still have many diehards, men like David Lawrence, for example, who shrieks that the Reuther plan "is basically a communistic scheme" (New York *Sun,* January 5). Yet we also have intelligent conservatives like Lippmann who, in his January 3 column, praised the Reuther plan, attacked Knudsen, and declared: "The task of conversion must go through the hands of men who believe in it, industrialists, of whom there are many, and of labor men of the quality of Walter Reuther." In other words, management and labor *together*—and only together—can win the battle of production.

Taxation and Price Control.—Victory on the battlefield will cost blood, sweat, and money. Part of the money to finance the war will have to come from borrowing, which includes the sale of defense bonds and stamps. The rest will have to be raised from increased taxation. We do not know what proposals Secretary Morgenthau will make when he appears before the House Ways and Means Committee January 15, but we hope he keeps a few basic principles in mind. First, every section of the population will have to share in the tax burden. Secondly, on the tax question too, business as usual must be rooted out. In other words, revenue measures such as those of 1940 and 1941, which soaked the poor and spared the rich, won't do. Thirdly, to achieve even approximate equality of sacrifice, those who have least should pay least. Excess profits and fat incomes, corporate and individual, should be sweated off into the war chest.

And while we are raising more money for planes, tanks, etc., let's make sure that some of it doesn't get whisked away by rising prices. Adequate price control is needed both for munitions and morale. Leon Henderson, federal price administrator, recently estimated that if prices continue to rise unchecked at their present rate, the $150,000,000,000 victory program will cost an additional $50,000,000,000. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee has wisely restored the teeth in the administration bill which the House had extracted. The bill could stand greater strengthening, but at least in its present form it should be passed without delay.

130,000,000 Soldiers.—Finally, we cannot win the war unless the 130,000,000 soldiers that constitute this anti-Axis nation are kept fit to fight—fit in both body and spirit. That is why the "economy" proposals of Senator Byrd, by which $1,300,000,000 would supposedly be saved, chiefly at the expense of the poor farmers, the unemployed, and the youth, are really extremely wasteful proposals. Congress, far from cutting social expenditures, must do something about conversion-unemployment by providing additional benefit payments for those workers temporarily thrown out of jobs. And Congress should, in the interest of national morale, also bolster civil liberties, rather than weaken them by such fifth column measures as the Dies amendment sneaked through the House, which links the Communist Party with the Nazi Bund and requires the registration of both.

We are a nation at war. Our existence is in the balance. We stand together with twenty-five other nations against this monstrous power that is Hitlerism. No war was ever more just, more deserving of the loyalty, the devotion, the self-sacrifice of all men. Storms lie ahead, but united we have the will and the vision to win through to a better day for the stricken millions of mankind.

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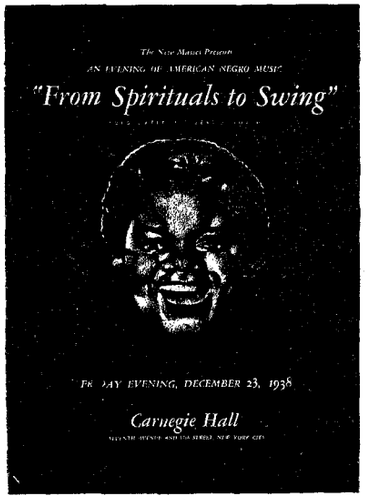
The New Masses Presents
AN EVENING OF AMERICAN NEGRO MUSIC
"From Spirituals to Swing"
FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 23, 1938
Carnegie Hall

NM Program, Dec. 23, 1938

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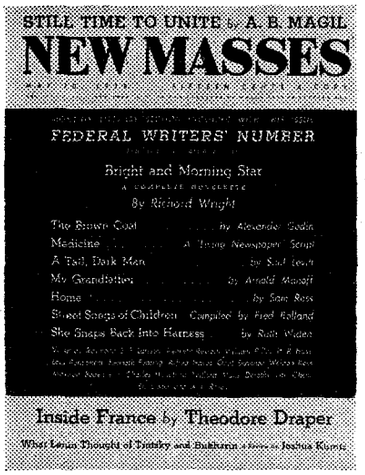
STILL TIME TO UNITE — A. B. MAGIL
NEW MASSES
FEDERAL WRITERS' NUMBER
Bright and Morning Star
By Richard Wright
Inside France by Theodore Draper

NM, May 10, 1938

NM, July 20, 1937

AMERICA'S BATTLE

No one cover—or a hundred of them—from NEW MASSES can indicate the canvas of America that has appeared in these pages. Not only have our writers spanned the vast geography of America; its people, their struggles, their songs, their heritage and hopes—these have inspired John L. Spivak's famous "Letter to the President," written from California in 1934; James Dugan's "Communique from Brooklyn" in 1941; and countless other articles, poems, stories, cartoons, and photographs.

There have been the rich chronicles of America's regions—from the Far West, by writers like Anna Louise Strong, Ella Winter, Sanora Babb; from the Deep South, by Erskine Caldwell, Blaine Owen, and others. But the stories they told were more than "regional." Each expressed a part of America which reflected the whole. These were stories of a people's fight for American beliefs and rights. Remember the many articles by such men as Harry F. Ward, and Corliss Lamont? There was the story of Tom Mooney—some of it written for NEW MASSES by Mooney himself. The story of Angelo Herndon—remember Joseph North's interview with Herndon in Atlanta Penitentiary and with the "Chain Gang Governor," Gene Talmadge, who helped put him there?

And the mighty national sagas of a people's struggle and growth: Bruce Minton, whose present dispatches from the nation's capital emphasize labor's vital role in the war effort, was among the first American writers to depict labor's giant development in organization and strength. The anti-fascist struggle brought eloquent contributions from participants in NEW MASSES' 1939 series on that subject—from Paul de Kruif, Dorothy Parker, Matthew Josephson, William Pickens, Franz Boas, J. B. S. Haldane, and others. Earl Browder, the nation's foremost battler of fascism, was a NEW MASSES "regular contributor"—writing year in and year out of America's problems, America's people, America's preservation.

In the fight for WPA, for a national health program, better housing, all the social measures to build a stronger, more democratic nation, NEW MASSES has fought from the first, with vigor and consistency. Our battle has always been America's battle; it is America's battle *now*—and will *continue* to be so in the future.

NM, Jan. 6, 1942

You, our readers, made possible whatever we can point to as achievements. You will make possible whatever further achievements we can accomplish toward victory. Our greatest task is before us. We must live up to the times: we know you will help us do so. We urge you to see the back cover of this issue for specific proposals to help New Masses to be the first class soldier that history demands it be.

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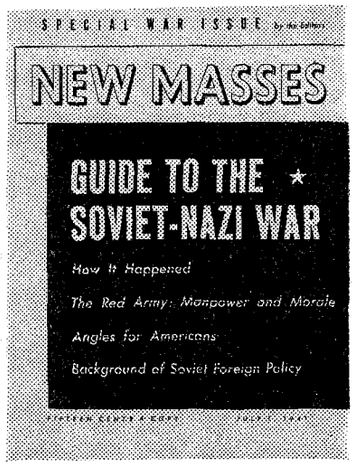
RUTH ABOUT THE RED ARMY

"The whole recent development in the Red Army indicates clearly iat its leaders reckon with an enemy attack in the near future, and ermany's preparations for a timetable war of offense are being ountered with thorough preparations for a timetable war of counter-ffense. The military achievement of the Soviet Union in the years 935-38 culminated in the formation of a powerful mobile shock rmy on its western frontier, an army capable of delivering a rapid ounter-blow. This army is the strategical incorporation of all modern ilitary technique and it represents a unique concentration of odern weapons of offense."—NM, May 16, 1939.

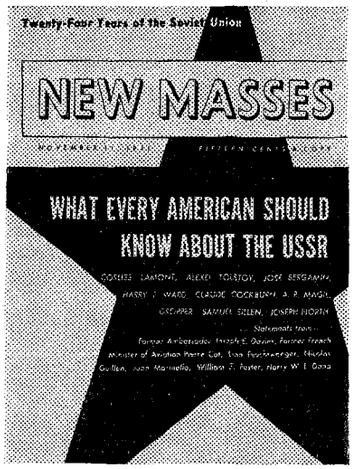


NM, July 1, 1941

ASSES' RECORD

eaders, editors, writers, artists, must be worthy of our frontline soldiers.

erman Non-Aggression Pact, zi St. George to deliver her icle of little Finland mobilizing look like a brave gesture to bravery of General Manner-eral Mannerheim in 1918 when f thousands of Finnish workers, intervention."—NM, Nov. 28,



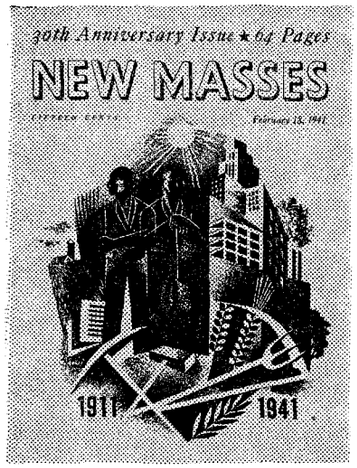
NM, Nov. 11, 1941

THE SOVIET TRIALS

"In the final analysis, the real issue in the treachery of the eight [Soviet] generals is the effect of their exposure on the war plans of their employers, the Nazi regime in Germany. The fact that the eight traitors held high posts makes their demise a greater blow for those who pinned so much hope on them."—NM, June 22, 1937.

"The new Soviet trials come at a grave moment in world history. Hitler in his speech to the dummy Reichstag has issued what is tantamount to a declaration of war against not only the Soviet Union, but every democratic country. He has already seized control in Austria and is preparing to do the same in Czechoslovakia. He and Mussolini have forced the resignation of Anthony Eden as a step toward new aggressions in Spain, Czechoslovakia, and elsewhere. The Japanese end of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis is daily by its undeclared war against China and its constant provocations menacing the peace of the United States.

"In this moment the Soviet Union, by striking at the nest of fascist spies within its borders, is performing a service not only to socialism, but to the cause of world democracy and peace."—NM, March 8, 1938.



NM, Feb. 18, 1941

A PEOPLE'S CULTU

Information please. How can you identify: John Ree wood Anderson, Theodore that would have been a po this magazine. In these pa debut. It's a long and livel

Richard Wright, for in MASSES long before his d Do you remember the stir n tion in NEW MASSES of N stories in the past few ye Pietro di Donato, Sylvia Zugsmith, Alvah Bessie, Be

Leading names in the familiar to NEW MASSES Odets, Earl Robinson, Mar Wexley, and a dozen othe

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But it's not merely the na these writers were openin They developed the conc culture, springing from th desires, injecting new the writing.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors
BARBARA GILES, A. B. MAGIL, RUTH McKENNEY, JOSEPH NORTH, JOSEPH STAROBIN, JOHN STUART

Washington Editor
BRUCE MINTON

Business Manager
CARL BRISTEL

1942: Crucial War Year

THE New Year was ushered in by the declaration of twenty-six nations, led by the United States, Britain, China, and the Soviet Union. All signatories agreed never to sign a separate peace or armistice until the Axis is crushed; they adopted the Atlantic Charter's eight points as their essential war aims, and pledged their "military or economic power" against whichever members of the Axis they are now fighting. It was an auspicious way to open what everyone recognizes as the crucial year, the year in which anything and everything may happen. And it came as the reply of the free nations to the fall of Manila and new Japanese advances.

"There will be a continuation of conferences and consultations among military staffs," President Roosevelt declared in his heartening opening message to Congress, "so that the plans and operations of each will fit into a general strategy designed to crush the enemy."

One has only to compare the *situation* as of today with the contradictory situation as of December 6; one has only to compare the way this New Year begins and the way the last year began to realize what a tremendous achievement the Allied declaration really is. An even more striking contrast, and one which gets to the heart of the present world situation, is the contrast between the growing unity of the anti-Axis forces symbolized in this document and the increasing signs of disunity and conflict among our enemies. In the words of the President: "The consolidation of the united nations' total war effort against our common enemies is being achieved." That is the spirit of 1942.

TAKE THE SITUATION IN EUROPE ALONE. Compare the relations between Britain and the USSR as against the relations between Germany and its chief European allies. As Mr. Anthony Eden explained in his radio speech upon returning from Moscow, the recent British conversations at the Kremlin "went further than any political or military discussions that have taken place between our two countries since the last war." Significantly, the discussions were evenly divided between the consideration of immediate problems of strategy and supply and the problems of postwar political organization. Dorothy Thompson has been quick to notice that this discussion comes at the very time that the Soviet armies are advancing toward the heart of Europe rather than withdrawing: and for those who needed this assurance here is proof of the possibilities which exist that wartime harmony can be made enduring into the period of the peace.

But consider, on the other hand, the relations between Germany and two of its allies —the Vichyfied French and the Finns. Petain pleads for a few crumbs from Hitler, while in Paris students demonstrate against the conqueror, and the Nazis launch new mass murders as reprisals. The assassination of Yves Paringaux, chief of staff of Vichy's Minister of the Interior, and an attack on an employee of Marcel Deat, one of the leading Paris Quislings, are new indications of the growing opposition between the French people and all who serve the Nazi regime. "Collaboration" under these circumstances becomes a mare's nest of conflict and hatred.

Then there is the crisis in Finland, which is fraught with great strategic consequences. Swedish reports say hunger and war weariness are so widespread in Finland that Helsinki's Social Democratic newspaper is compelled to raise again the possibility of Finland's getting out of the war. Of course, the Social Democrats are trying to escape the consequences of their own policies, but their alarm reflects a burden with which Hitler has to reckon at a time when a dozen other problems are piling in upon him.

MOST ENCOURAGING OF ALL as the New Year opened was the growing scope of the Red Army's offensive. As the various place names of last autumn's fighting come back into the news, it is as though a motion picture is being unreeled. Pressing against Novgorod in the north, the Soviet forces are hewing a way to Leningrad. In the central zone the recapture of Kaluga and Maloyaroslavets, plus the previous capture of Klin, has entrapped some 100,000 German troops around Mozhaisk. One of the most remarkable achievements of the whole war came in the Crimea, where Soviet troops forded the straits of Kerch and drove into the peninsula. No German alibi about the weather did any good in this case since the Crimean weather resembles that of Florida: it was obviously the superior skill and daring of the Soviet troops that did the job.

And, as Major George Fielding Eliot observes in a recent New York *Herald Tribune* column, all these Soviet successes are adding up into something qualitatively bigger: the Crimean drive may force the Nazis out of the eastern Dnieper region, and thus lay open the Kharkov basin; Soviet aircraft would then come within striking distance of the Danube; control of the Black Sea would be assured, and if Hitler ever invaded Turkey under such conditions he would really be gambling. The folding back of the German front in the center and in the north, says Eliot, would isolate Finland and threaten Hitler's hold on the Baltic—all these possibilities are inherent in the present Soviet drive.

How clearly, therefore, the Eastern Front remains the front where the war can be won quickly! If ever the situation in Europe were ripe for offensive rather than defensive operations, that moment is now. And the news of local British operations in Norway, while valuable in frightening the Finns, would be far more valuable if they were forerunners of large scale British and American action all along the European coast from Petsamo to French West Africa.

NEWS FROM THE PACIFIC, however, is harder to assess. On the positive side, there was the formation of a unified command, with General Wavell in charge, Major General Brett and Admiral Hart of the United States assisting, and with Chiang Kai-shek responsible for land operations on Asia's mainland. A second positive item is the news that US army bombers scored three direct hits on a Japanese battleship, sank a destroyer and damaged other vessels off the port of Davao at the southern end of the Philippines. A third item is the report that the British are welcoming Chinese forces for the defense of Burma, a very important development because it symbolizes that all the antagonisms to China, artificially engendered among the southeast Asian peoples, are slowly being wiped out. A fourth item is the stand of the Chinese armies at Changsha, the city which commands the Yangtse valley, midway between Chungking and the coast. Some observers suggest that the Japanese undertook this operation to forestall a Chinese drive down the Yangtse; so far, however, it has cost them tens of thousands of lives and the very fact of China's victory inspires all other fighters in the Pacific theater.

On the negative side, there was the loss of Manila, plus the main American naval base at

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Cavite. General MacArthur has been forced into the hills of Bataan peninsula from which he may maintain contact with Corregidor Island and thus dominate Manila Bay. These reverses come so swiftly as to stun many Americans and in truth there is good reason for alarm. The Japanese lines toward Singapore and the Dutch East Indies have now been made relatively safe from interference. The battle shifts to Borneo and the South China Sea. With the exception of Dutch air and submarine activity, the Allied forces are thrown back on the defensive, at least until large reinforcements arrive, based on Australia and Burma.

The reverses which have been suffered in the Pacific bring up the question of basic attitude toward the war. There is a dangerous concept abroad in the land that we have to lose the western Pacific before we begin to win it back; an attitude that the enemy is going to win all the initial battles and nothing can be done about it. Now it may be true that the enemy will win the initial battles, as he did in Russia, but everything may ultimately depend on how he wins, at what cost, and against what resistance. Our political relations with the Filipinos and other Pacific peoples may depend on the degree to which we fight this war as a last ditch battle irrespective of the enemy's advantages at the start. What we need is the spirit which Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox described in reporting the heroism of our sailors and soldiers at Pearl Harbor the day of the attack. We need a much more thorough, self-sacrificing, all-out effort, with no quarter given to the enemy and none expected.

The Same Lindbergh

THE role of penitent patriot does not become Charles A. Lindbergh. For one thing, he talks too loudly backstage. A few days after the ex-colonel had "offered his services" to the US Air Force, Robert Allen and Drew Pearson reported in their "Washington Merry Go Round" (January 4) that Mr. Lindbergh had addressed a secret meeting of former America First officials in New York on December 17—ten days after the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor—in a speech which showed clearly that he was the same old Lindbergh. He held Britain responsible for the war and reiterated his familiar conviction that it would have been wiser to help our enemy, Germany, destroy our ally, Russia—then we would be in a better position now to fight Germany's ally, Japan! He also advised the officially "dissolved" America First Committee to keep in the background for the present—there would be opportunities for action later, he promised.

All of which will indicate the nature of the "technical advice" that Lindbergh proposes to give the armed services of his country. It is significant that Pearson and Allen, in the same column, report that the notorious fascist, Gerald L. K. Smith, is trying to work up a campaign, through America First leaders, to make Lindbergh head of the Air Force. The owner of a medal from Goebbels and decorations from Tokyo would have a wonderful "opportunity for action" in such a position. He must not be given an opportunity to function in any military capacity whatsoever. A Spanish general by the name of Franco was once permitted by the republican government, against which he had worked, to continue his "services" in an unimportant post. The world knows the result of that particular act of leniency. In Lindbergh's case we do not need the added evidence of the Merry Go Round disclosure to be wary of ex-colonels bearing Nazi medals. His past record—as an anti-Semite, a Hitler admirer, and a "military authority" derived from *Mein Kampf*—is more than enough to bar him from any association with either officers or privates of the United States Army.

Fair Play for the Foreign-Born

HARRY BRIDGES should not be deported, unanimously declares the Board of Immigration Appeals, recommending that the deportation proceedings against him be canceled. The board thus reverses the recommendation of Judge Charles B. Sears, who, basing himself on the testimony of two unsavory characters and stretching logic to the breaking point, found that Bridges was a member of or affiliated with the Communist Party and should therefore be deported. The final decision is now up to Attorney General Francis Biddle. If he acts as the facts dictate, as the spirit of a people's war requires, he can act in only one way: quash for all time the deportation order against Bridges. And while Bridges has never been a Communist, it would be a good thing too if the Department of Justice discovered the obvious, that the Communist Party does not advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence and should not be treated as if it does.

The recommendation of the Board of Immigration Appeals should have a salutary effect on the treatment of all foreign-born and on civil liberties as a whole. It comes on the heels of two expressions of government policy that are highly encouraging. President Roosevelt has issued a statement voicing concern over "the increasing number of reports of employers discharging workers who happen to be aliens or even foreign-born citizens." He points out that by such tactics "employers are engendering the very distrust and disunity on which our enemies are counting to defeat us." The President's appeal for fair play to the foreign-born is a splendid example of the democratic spirit in action; it contrasts with official attitudes in the first world war and with the treatment of anti-fascist refugees in France and Chamberlain England during the imperialist phase of the present war. A similar appeal was made in a broadcast by Ugo Carusi, executive assistant to Attorney General Biddle.

No people's war can afford discrimination against persons of foreign birth or persons whose skins are black. They too are part of the people and their efforts are needed for victory over the common foe.

Education and War

OVER the New Year weekend a thousand of the nation's leading educators met in Baltimore for a three day conference. It was a serious gathering, with an important purpose: to utilize the colleges as efficiently as possible in the war program—and to do this while preserving the academic standards of peacetime. As it turned out, the two aims were not incompatible. Participants in the conference worked out a plan by which the college course might be "accelerated," i.e., compressed into three years instead of four, without impairing the curriculum. They considered means of giving military instruction directly to students on the campus and providing aviation courses. However, an increase rather than any slash in professional and technical training was decided upon. Physical fitness should be stressed, the educators felt, and so should the importance of pre-medical and pre-dental courses. And they agreed with President Roosevelt who, in a letter to the conference, emphasized the hope that "this national crisis will not result in the destruction or impairment of those institutions which have contributed so largely to the development of American culture." In the fifteen point program which was finally adopted, the delegates went on record with the same stand. What they have pledged themselves to as educators is an *additional* task—to develop and train the college youth, a tremendous part of America's manpower, for their job in war as well as peace.

The List Grows

RECENTLY the crew of the *SS West Chesswald* unanimously petitioned President Roosevelt to release Earl Browder. It was the eighty-fourth ship's crew to take such action. At the same time Local 1798 of the Metal Fabrication Workers, SWOC, San Francisco, announced that it would support the campaign to free Browder. Over 1,000,000 trade unionists are now supporting that campaign. The list of distinguished educators, writers, scientists, ministers, artists who have urged his release grows weekly. Leading citizens of his home town, Yonkers, have asked for his freedom. With the advent of the new year, the petitions have increased in volume and urgency. They are based upon the American tradition of justice and fair play and America's need of the services of a great anti-fascist leader. These are obvious, simple, but extremely important bases for the immediate exercise of executive clemency in the case of Earl Browder. That fact is attested by the growing thousands of pleas to the President. The American people know why Browder *should* be freed—they ask now for action, for his immediate release, so that he can resume his place of leadership among the vanguard fighters of America's enemies.

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MOSCOW DIARY

Ambassador Davies' record of the Soviet people and their leaders. His personal journals and his confidential reports to the State Department. Reviewed by Joseph Starobin.

MISSION TO MOSCOW, *by Joseph E. Davies. Simon & Schuster. $3.*

JOSEPH EDWARD DAVIES made no bones about the fact that he was an individualist, a capitalist, a devout Congregationalist. Nonetheless, and partly because of this, he came to admire the Soviet people, to respect their achievements and their leaders. To the Russians, differences of political outlook were taken for granted, and were beside the point, anyhow. The Russians were relieved to be able to deal with a man so much different from William Bullitt. They were glad, as Kalinin expressed it, to have an ambassador from the United States "who, by his training, would take an objective view of conditions and would reserve his judgment until all the facts had been fairly seen in perspective."

That is exactly what Joseph E. Davies did. He collected the facts and reserved his judgments to his diary, his personal journals, to the confidential messages for the President and the Department of State. When the course of vast historical changes linked his country's fate with that of the Soviet people, the former ambassador went back into his files. To compile them became one of his ways of helping in the common struggle. The result is a sometimes charming, sometimes curious, an always readable and highly important volume.

Of course it is not easy to suppress a sense of regret that such documents did not become public property earlier. Much less blood might have flowed under the bridges of history. On the other hand, we must be grateful for a book that confirms irrefutably the truths that many Americans had been fighting for all during the thirties. It is not the final word about the Soviet reality, but it does serve to erase much of the misunderstanding of the past in Soviet-American relations. And it will help to give those relations a strong, authentic foundation for the present and the future.

THE AMBASSADOR arrived in Moscow, together with Mrs. Davies (equally curious and eager), in January 1937, on the eve of a great crisis in Soviet life. It was almost the day when the Radek-Pyatakov treason trials began. "Naturally, I must confess," says Davies, [that] "I was predisposed against the credibility of these defendants." But after watching the men in the dock, day in and day out, after observing court procedure with the eye of a professional lawyer, and after many late evenings at the Spazzo House, chewing the rag with a bevy of keen American correspondents in Moscow, Davies came to the conclusion that the Soviet government had a case and that its case had been proven. In addition, he talked to "many, if not all the members of the Diplomatic Corps" and with possibly one exception, they were "all of the opinion that the proceedings established clearly the existence of a political plot and conspiracy to overthrow the government." Later that year, when seventeen Red Army generals were arrested and shot for high treason, Davies came to the same conclusion. And after a full year of travel through the USSR and many neighboring countries, including Germany, the Bukharin trial in March 1938 was no surprise.

He notes in his diary a conversation with Litvinov in which the latter says that "They (the government) had to make sure . . . there was no treason left which could cooperate with Berlin or Tokyo; that some day the world would understand. . . ." In fact, Litvinov continued, "They were doing the whole world a service in protecting themselves against the menace of Hitler and world domination, thereby preserving the Soviet Union strong as a bulwark against the Nazi threat. That the world would some day appreciate what a very great man Stalin was." Items like these with a prophetic irony that is breathtaking account for much of the thrill and satisfaction in the volume.

ANOTHER ASPECT of Soviet life which excited Davies greatly was the scope and pace of Soviet industrialization, only natural for a man who had himself been connected with some of America's biggest industries. He made a number of trips to the interior, visited the Dnieper region, and Baku. The appendix contains verbatim conversations with managers of Soviet plants that might serve as a primer for an understanding of how Russian production works. Writing to the President, Davies remarks that "What these people have done in the past seven years in heavy industry is unique. They have painted on a 'ten-league canvas with a brush of a comet's hair.' "

Joseph E. Davies

For example, only five years before, the district of Zaporozhe, now containing enormous plants, about 125,000 people, with modern brick apartment buildings and wide avenues and parks, "was only a prairie plain." That fascinated an American from the prairies of America's midwest.

"Quite one of the strongest impressions left with us," Davies writes in a formal report to the State Department, "is the character of the men running these enterprises. For the most part they were men about thirty-five years of age . . . all educated in Russia but equipped by travel and technical study in other countries. They all appeared of the steady, studious, scientific type, quiet in manner but with indications of much reserve in executive strength." All the plants "had libraries, lecture rooms, and a night school for the operatives. In their libraries, they had technical magazines of many countries, a general library and translators."

But if these were the rank and file, Davies was even more amazed at the personalities of the Soviet leaders. Kalinin he finds "as comfortable as the proverbial old shoe." One night some sixty Red Army men sat down at the Embassy table, "Heroes of the Soviet Union" most of them, famous parachute jumpers, airplane designers, and so forth. "One was impressed with the fine appearances these men made—strong, healthy, with fine faces." One day, Marjorie (his wife) went to a "hen luncheon" at Madame Molotov's, and Davies notes his wife's great interest in the fact that a woman of Mme. Molotov's type "should be so much interested in serious business matters and should herself be a 'working woman.' "

Early in his mission Davies writes that Stalin is considered a man of "tremendous singleness of purpose and capacity for work." He adds somewhat quaintly that Stalin "is decent and clean-living. . . ." But by the end of his stay in the spring of 1938 he had seen Stalin twice, much to the amazement and envy of the other ambassadors, especially the British. He writes in a detailed letter to his daughter: "It was really an intellectual feast which we all seemed to enjoy. Throughout it, we laughed and joked at times. He has a sly

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humor. He has a very great mentality. It is sharp, shrewd, and above all else wise, at least so it would appear to me. If you can picture a personality that is exactly opposite to what the most rabid anti-Stalinists anywhere could conceive, then you might picture this man."

Courage, hard work, mutual respect were the things that Davies cherished in the American tradition; he looked for them and found them in Moscow. But apart from everything else, he found honesty. He tells the amusing story of a painting he bought one afternoon while in Dniepropetrovsk, a painting represented as the original work of an old Italian master. That same night the blue-eyed, silent GPU boys, assigned to accompany the ambassador constantly, brought a man in by the scruff of the neck. He was the director of the shop where Davies had bought the painting. It seems that the painting was a fake; the price was outrageous; the director a blackguard. The GPU boys were "highly indignant about it," Davies says, "and over the fact that I had been deceived." He had something of a job prevailing upon them not to punish the deceiver too severely. Many American men of wealth had been similarly deceived in Europe, as Matthew Josephson recalls in his *Robber Barons*. But here was a unique phenomenon indeed—a Secret Service, frequently so corrupt in other countries, but in the Soviet world a model of simple honesty.

THERE IS, of course, a good deal about the USSR that Davies did not fully grasp. For example, he noticed five lipstick and perfume shops and three flower shops within five blocks of the Embassy on one of Moscow's main thoroughfares. He tells us he discussed this matter with Marjorie several times and came to the conclusion that here was "one of the significant indications of the drift of this government away from the principles of Marxist Communism"! Likewise, he found that in Russia people were paid at different rates for different kinds of work. He thought that this was creating a "class society." When his friends remonstrated with him, pointing out that classes were disappearing because the means of production belonged to nobody and therefore to everybody, Davies couldn't see it, even as an abstraction. He contents himself with the reply that "class" after all is an "idea"!

I do not wish to appear to be entering into a doctrinal discussion with Mr. Davies, for obviously the importance of his book does not depend at all on the degree to which he appreciates or agrees with the ideological foundations of the Soviet state. But when he says, as in his "Last Word" at the end of the book, that the USSR is a "system of state socialism operating on capitalistic principles," one has to demur—or rather, one has to ask the author whether the immense achievements of the USSR, the morale of its people, the strength of its army, the fortitude of its diplomacy can really be explained by such a phrase. Is it not *because* of socialism, rather than *in spite* of it, that the USSR is

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VOLUME V, NUMBER 4, FALL, 1941

CONTENTS

ECONOMIC PROVINCIALISM AND AMERICAN FAR EASTERN POLICY
Philip J. Jaffe
MARAT, FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE
Samuel Bernstein
DIALECTIC AND ECONOMIC LAWS
Lewis S. Feuer
COMMUNICATIONS
The Conduct of the Franco-Prussian War
Frederick Engels
Concerning Social Darwinism
J. B. S. Haldane
Reply to J. B. S. Haldane
Bernhard J. Stern
Marx and Freud: A Reply to Mr. Rapoport
Francis H. Bartlett
The Economic Strength of the Soviet Union
Vladimir D. Kazakévich
BOOK REVIEWS
Stern, *Society and Medical Progress*
Robert K. Merton
Crowther, *The Social Relations of Science*
Alexander Sandow
Huxley, *Man Stands Alone*
Corliss Lamont
Alpert, *Emile Durkheim and His Sociology*
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National Committee, C.P.U.S.A.
As We Fight!.....*Robert Minor*
The Tasks of the Communist Party in the War .....*William Z. Foster*
The New York City Elections and the Struggle Against Hitlerism.
Bill Lawrence and Isidore Begun
Civilian Defense and Morale—A Vital Factor in the Struggle Against Hitlerism .....*Herbert Benjamin*
The California Farmer and National Defense .....*Harrison George*
The Patriotic War of 1918 Against the German Invaders in the Ukraine.
E. Gorodetsky
A Significant Depiction of French-Canadian Life .....*Stanley B. Ryerson*
Index—Volume XX, 1941

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fully able to play as powerful a role as it does today?

IT IS INTERESTING to note that Davies was not a career man in the State Department; the ambassadorship to Moscow was his first diplomatic service, and this brings to mind a comparison with the work of another non-career man, William E. Dodd, whose diary stands out among the records of American foreign policy in the thirties. The comparison is interesting also because Dodd represented us in Nazi Germany in roughly the same period that Davies was in Soviet Russia, a time when many Americans badly missed the tremendous differences between the two nations.

Dodd was a college professor; Davies is a college alumnus, and very proud too, of the University of Wisconsin. Dodd was a scholar, a student of the old South; Davies is a lawyer and businessman. In Dodd's book one finds very decided opinions about American politics and especially about some of the responsible men in the State Department; Davies, on the other hand, is often undiscriminating in his praise for very different sorts of people, whether it be Sumner Welles, Joe Kennedy, the newspaperman Joseph Barnes, or an old conservative friend, such as for example the former Secretary of Commerce, Daniel Roper. Dodd was a poor man and tended to resent men of wealth; Davies, on the other hand, is wealthy enough to see beyond his particular social position. Dodd was a student of German culture, a product of old Germany's universities; Davies was new to Russia, and often he approaches what he sees with the awe of the tourist; he is amazed at the splendor of the former czarist palaces; he collects Russian paintings and is exuberated by the ballet with a kind of proud self-satisfaction that is sometimes boyish.

But the most significant contrast is this: that whereas Dodd was defeated, tragically defeated by what he experienced in Germany and returned to his homeland sadly isolated from its political life; Davies seems to have been buoyed by his totally different experience in Russia; and from this diary we get to understand some of the courage and fighting qualities of this man which have so distinguished him in the past six months. Both men were anti-fascists, and while both men seem to have misunderstood each other, judging from their books, one might say that Joseph E. Davies realized in action some of the ideals which William E. Dodd fought for and did not live to realize.

There is in Davies something robust, self-confident, assured, and vigorous; there is a desire to cooperate with people who disagree so long as they respect the integrity of his opinion; a readiness to respect theirs on the same basis. He saw in the Soviet world a pioneering of new frontiers. He saw a moral grandeur which he recognized as part of the Christian and humane tradition. He saw strength, and dedication to purpose and struggle against great odds.

But whether he realized it or not, he was seeing those qualities in the Soviet world which had made America great, qualities which have drawn the American people closer to the Russian people in their hour of common trial. Because he saw all this in Russia and reflected the best of America, he made a felicitous ambassador, and the record of his work is to be read and remembered.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

American Indian Leader

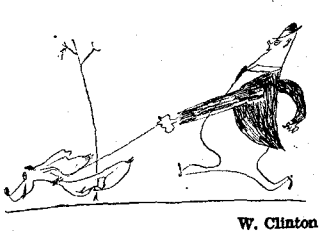
WAR CHIEF JOSEPH, *by Howard and McGrath. Caxton Printers, Ltd. $3.50.*

THIS book is meant to be a popular biography of a great leader in American Indian history, but it falls far short of this objective and succeeds only in presenting a very unskillful and highly sentimentalized characterization. Its chief value rests on its heavily documented material tracing the scope of tribal activities and the generalship of War Chief Joseph, military leader of the Nez Perce Indians of Idaho. There are over 300 pages of collated and annotated material on treaty history and military campaigns conducted by Indian fighters of the United States army against the Nez Perce tribe during the late seventies. Chief Joseph was regarded by his opponents as a leading military scientist. He had introduced new patterns of strategic warfare which baffled a host of United States army people for years. He became renowned for his military exploits and for his remarkable courage.

It seems regrettable, considering the careful chronology, the vast accumulation of data on Idaho and Washington local history, and the minute treatment given to battle incident after battle incident, that the writers should have failed to present a more detailed analysis of basic social conflicts between the Nez Perce tribe and the United States. The writers are naively disposed to interpret the difficulties between the two groups as sectional and geographical in character and seem to be unaware of the confluence of social forces which go beyond boundary limits. There is a conspicuous absence of a socio-economic interpretation of US-American Indian warfare.

For students placing a high social value on Americana, this is a very usable source book. It is not, however, a very revealing account of the tribal sociology of the Nez Perce Indians or of the social and military psychology of their great leader. The early anthropological monographs of Herbert J. Spinden on the Nez Perces are far more readable and have greater documentary value.

CONSTANCE HYATT.



W. Clinton

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GOOD NEWS!

The swift-paced headlines of the past month bring hopeful tidings from the frost-bitten Russian front to enslaved and embattled peoples everywhere. After absorbing the full impact of the greatest military drive in all history, the Russian army is proving that it can *give* as well as take. From the Baltic to the Black Sea, the hitherto invincible legions of Hitler are being forced into reverse gear.

Every realist knows that the eastern European front is by all odds the major battle line in the world struggle against aggression. Our own government recognized it months ago when it voted to extend lend-lease aid to the U.S.S.R. Now that we are at war against a common enemy, the wisdom of this policy is amply demonstrated by the course of events.

Every one of us has good reason to be grateful for the heroism and bravery of Russia's soldiers and civilians. *Every one of us* is indebted to them for the sacrifices they have made and are now making. The road to victory is long, hard and bloody. That's why thousands of American women are knitting war garments for Russian fighters. That's why tens of thousands of American citizens are contributing toward the purchase of urgently needed medical and surgical supplies.

The response to the cause of Russian War Relief is most heartening. But the need is so far-reaching that we must *double* our efforts and *redouble* our giving. If you have given once, *please give again*. If you are giving for the first time, please use the coupon below to make your contribution . . . and make it as generous as you can. Your dollars will be front-line fighters in the cause of human freedom!

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ODETS' NEW PLAY

In "Clash by Night" the author of "Awake and Sing" proves again that he can be a dramatist of depth and power. But he has not given his audience enough. A magnificent performance by Lee Cobb.

IT GOES without saying that most daily reviewers were wrong about Clifford Odets' new play, *Clash by Night.* They dismissed him in the same terms they habitually use for the least consequential Tin-Pan alley hack, and it might have been expected that they would. They never loved him to begin with, but *Waiting for Lefty* and *Awake and Sing!* caught them with their prejudices off guard. For no one short of the president of the National Association of Manufacturers could have failed to be moved by those plays.

Odets is probably pretty sick by now of being told that anything he produces automatically becomes practically the most interesting play on the boards. He must be pretty tired of being told that nobody writing for the theater can hold a candle to his best; of being assured that he is one of the only two writing artists on the theatrical scene since Eugene ONeill started to fold up. But it does no harm to say it again, even if it gives him no assistance. For although he may need our assurance that we cherish him as a serious artist, he must also understand that we're not in duty bound to admire his failures.

He must know that we love and cherish *Lefty, Awake!,* and *Paradise Lost,* as rich additions to the cultural heritage of America. He must know that it became increasingly difficult to admire his work with *Golden Boy,* with *Rocket to the Moon,* with *Night Music,* even though there were, naturally enough, many things in those plays that commanded admiration and said the things we wanted to hear said.

What do we want to hear said, and who are *we?* No serious artist should be contemptuous of criticism; if he is, his friends can justly hold it against him. And Odets should make no mistake about who are his friends and who are not his friends. By *we* I mean the people, multiplied in their thousands throughout the world, who want the best Odets can offer—and those other multitudes who would want it if they knew about it. But if the people must love their real artists, the artist has got to love his audience. More important still, he cannot afford to become isolated from that audience—he owes an obligation to his art to get down and talk to that audience, or better still, to listen to it. The audience—both actual and potential—for Clifford Odets' plays has always been the people he writes about—working people, the little people of the lower middle class. His audience is his characters; symbolically, that has been true of every serious artist since the start.

Odets should know what they think of him by now. He should know, if he does not, that they don't expect him to be a genius in everything he writes; that would be stupid, and the people aren't stupid. He should know they don't expect him to offer them A Solution in the sense of a ready-made formula. He can disregard anyone who tells him that they do. They expect from him, and they have the right to demand, something they don't expect from George S. Kaufman or Edna Ferber, or even Maxwell Anderson.

They would agree, if they were all conscious of the problems of an artist, with what Odets said to the Dramatists' Session of the Writers' Congress last June. He said it was difficult to find the form for his content; they would understand that. He said he had found it once—in *Lefty.* They would agree to that. He said he found the form again in *Golden Boy,* but that he didn't care for the content. And they would agree with the fellow who stood up in the back of the room and said, "Neither did we."

He wasn't attacking Odets; what the fellow expressed was something many of Odets' audience have felt—he had been hurt, as many of us had been hurt, to see Odets throw his stuff away on so cheap and obvious a story as *Golden Boy,* for whatever reason. We had been hurt that in *Rocket* Odets seemed to be getting lazy, and in *Night Music,* not to care any more. For the people are concerned about their artists and what happens to them; the forces represented by Billy Rose are not as much concerned; those forces in Hollywood that offer big money are even less concerned.

Clifford Odets

At the risk of boring Odets, it must be said again that in *Lefty* he found the perfect fusion of form and content; it was tight, hard, brilliant, perfect. In *Awake and Sing!* and *Paradise Lost* he cut still deeper—he was speaking of his own class and he threw a brilliant light upon it. Odets, in his early work, involved audiences so deeply with his characters that the audience itself went out of the theater, broader in its understanding of human suffering; understanding *how* people suffered, and *why* they suffered, and—by extension—what had to be done to prevent that suffering. The Sid-and-Florrie scene in *Lefty,* the Joe-and-Edna scene, the old grandfather in *Awake!,* and the one-legged veteran, Moe Axelrod, and the others made audiences mad with pain and determined to act. The artist was revolutionary in his understanding of people; slogans added nothing to his work.

So what we were complaining about through the later Odets plays was not the absence of sloganeering, of direction pointing, but the absence of *artistic* depth, of human understanding. We felt that after *Paradise Lost* Odets was straying further and further from offering even a *dramatic* resolution of the problems he had posed. Through *Golden Boy,* through *Rocket* (which lived up to its name—rising brilliant and hot and dying out high in the air), through *Night Music,* we felt that the people's artist in Odets was ebbing. The brilliant lights and shadows were fading; the marvelous "irrelevancies," the stunning juxtapositions of mood and character and situation disappeared, until we even agreed with the reviewers when they said Odets was imitating himself.

AND NATURALLY we sought for explanations of this phenomenon. For we could not forget what this young man had done, and what he was capable of doing. We wondered whether his success had not been too great and come too early. We wondered whether the oversimplified explanation was not valid; whether his unusual success, coming before his complete artistic maturity, had not had the effect we know it often has—of cutting him off from the very material that had first got hold of him and worked its way with him. Whether it had not separated him from the very people he was writing about, whose pain and frustration had tortured him and made him write. For we saw that when he was closest to the people *in his life,* he most profoundly reflected them *in his work*—their pain and their unhappiness, their joys and aspirations. We felt that the strength of the early Odets was the strength of the people, and when we saw the

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people's strength fading out of his work, we concluded that he must have withdrawn himself from them, was not listening to them any more. We concluded that he was standing still while his characters were marching forward with new determination to make a better world. We felt that he was remembering his characters, not moving in daily contact with them.

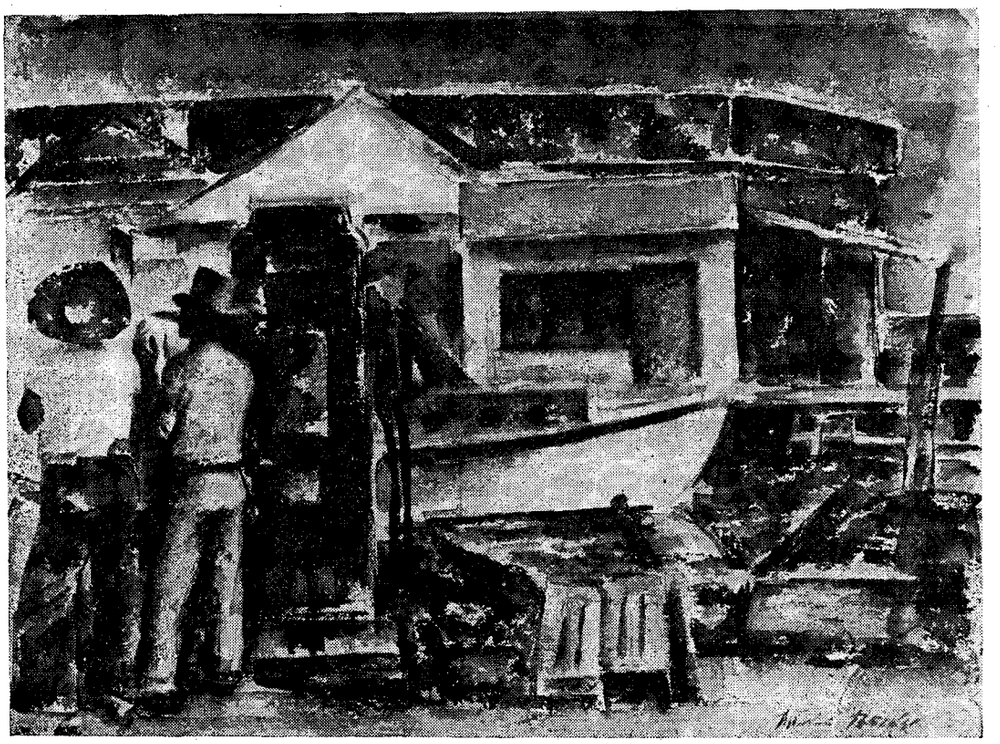
Naturally, none of us was clairvoyant or a prophet. None of us—only Odets himself—could give the answer. We could only stack up what he'd done in the past against what he was doing, and draw up a balance. And we weren't satisfied; we wanted more. Now we have *Clash by Night,* and we know that the critics who did such a condescending job on it were wrong. We hope Odets hasn't been too disturbed by them, because we who are concerned for what happens to artists in America know that a people's artist must be resilient, must bounce right back when he's smacked down. But we also know he's got to be a critic himself, and we think that any man or woman with a drop of sensitivity or understanding could see, in *Clash by Night,* that Odets is still in transition, is really evaluating himself. But we can also see that he wasn't trying hard enough; that he wasn't —well, humble enough is the only way to put it.

We know what he wanted to do in *Clash by Night.* He took a WPA worker and his wife who lived on Staten Island in a ramshackle bungalow, and he wanted to show us what made them tick. He showed that the husband was a good-natured, dull-witted fellow who adored his wife but scarcely understood her. He showed that she was bored to death with him, with their "life on the installment plan." He showed how life can be demeaned by a hand-to-mouth existence, how human dignity can be ground into the dust by lack of means, and people can lose their taste for living; will grasp at any cheap expedient to "fulfill" their dreams. "'Awake and sing; ye that dwell in the dust,'" old Jacob quoted. And he also said, "Life should have some dignity."

THIS is all to the good; the people and their problems are reappearing in Odets more fully than they appeared in the charade called *Night Music,* more deeply felt than they were in *Rocket.* Odets has said these things before, many times, and they're still worth saying—and worth saying better! This is his theme; his meat. At his best he articulates the humble, the lonely, the frustrated, the simple, the people made queer by poverty and loneliness. And he wants to put his finger on how they got that way. Who could demand more of any serious artist?

Only this time, again, he failed to do it. Mae Wilenski, who grasped at the straw of a love affair with her husband's flashy friend, who felt it might supply the zest that had gone out of her life—we know the girl. But not because of the way she is portrayed in *Clash by Night.* She is scarcely written at all. She tells us about herself; she's not a person. She talks about herself; she does not *do.* Not in the sense that Odets made her husband, Jerry, *do*—he is the only major character that is occasionally realized. We know a lot about him by the time he says, "I feel so bad, I feel so bad!" We've been watching him living on the stage; we've seen him act. Mae doesn't live; she talks.

Nor do the young couple Odets has introduced as counterpoint have any actual and integral place in the play. He offered them in pat and obvious contrast, as positive people juxtaposed to the negation of life represented by Jerry and his wife. He offered them because he obviously thought they should be represented, but they do not live. The young boy talks; the young girl talks; they make many brave speeches (slogans); they take a positive attitude and are determined not to be defeated by the facts of life as they are distorted by the movies, the radio, the newspapers, as they are exemplified by the tragedy of their friends, the Wilenskis. But they do no more because their creator apparently doesn't quite believe in them, and so they do not live. Not as Jerry lives; not as his father —who scarcely speaks a word—lives and breathes and tears your heart. Not as Jerry's fascist-minded uncle lives. (We're grateful



A WATER COLOR *by Maurice Becker, at the Macbeth Gallery in New York*

A LITHOGRAPH *by Joseph Levin, at the New York Public Library*

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for that uncle; a Christian Fronter in the flesh, he contributes to our understanding of the breed.)

The way Odets has used Jerry, the way he has used his old, destroyed father—the dramatic terms in which he utilized them—prove again that he can be a dramatist of integrity and depth and power. But the young couple fails; Mae fails; Mae's lover fails—he has no real vitality; the play's "solution" fails—it has *no validity*. Jerry kills the lover only because Odets had to end his play; not because Jerry *had* to kill him. Yet were Jerry more than partly realized, were the other characters three-dimensional, the murder would have been inevitable. So we were not moved; we didn't care; we didn't care about Mae's boredom and the lover's death and the young couple's future, because we could believe in none of them.

We could believe in none of them—except Jerry momentarily, except his father and his uncle, momentarily—because Odets didn't believe in them himself. Because he didn't take the trouble, the hard work, the study, the pains to explore them; to dive deep into them, to understand them. He oversimplified them; people aren't so simple; they're complex. They're not obvious; they're subtle—all these people, in life, are just as complex, just as subtle as those characters Odets previously projected fully on the brilliant screen of his personal medium—Moe Axelrod and Old Jacob and Uncle Morty, Hennie and Myron and Bessie Berger, Sid and Florrie, Joe and Edna, Agate and Fatt, Leo and Pearl Gordon, Cleo Singer, Mr. Prince. These people, these Americans, will live with us always because Odets took the trouble to know them, and if he will think back, he'll remember that it was not an easy job putting them on paper—it was hard work.

For the content of *Clash by Night* is not as limited as Odets himself might think. It is a theme worthy of his talents. Jealousy is no small theme; Shakespeare did not find it so. Murder is no small theme. Love itself is no small theme. And underlying and shaping them all—the love and the jealousy and the murder—was the grandest theme of all, the conditions and forces of our society that can grind people—our people, *us*—into the dust from which we must yet arise and sing, arise to dignity and human stature. The man who tackles such material, who wants to reveal how and why people suffer in this world, cannot afford to be separate from people; he cannot afford to be alone; he cannot afford to be proud and "misunderstood."

Quite aside from the merits of the play, in which Odets shows again the beginnings of humility and a continuing desire to put his talents at the service of his people, he wasn't helped too much by his production. How much of the failure of *Clash by Night* can be laid at the door of Mr. Billy (Gala) Rose, we cannot know, but we suspect it is considerable. The sets were fine—Boris Aronson did a beautiful job with them; but the talented director, Lee Strasberg, failed to evoke much of the real human excitement that was in the script. It wasn't entirely his fault—he is a Group Theater director without a Group. His cast, with few exceptions, failed him. For any honest artist in the theater can get his best effects only with a true collectivity—people working together, not at cross-purposes.

Lee J. Cobb

Miss Tallulah Bankhead is a Star. Miss Tallulah Bankhead is a Personality. It is possible to get a little nasty about Miss Bankhead, for her Star and her Personality are paramount in this production. As incomplete a role as Mae Wilenski is, Miss Bankhead has not shown the slightest understanding of the woman she "portrays," nor does she care a damn about her. You cannot hear anything in the role, as written (when listening to the lines, and not Miss Bankhead) that would indicate Mae Wilenski was the sort of person who emerged in the frame and performance of Miss Bankhead. She is not written cheap, vulgar, tawdry, contemptible. But that is how she's played. Odets obviously meant that Mae Wilenski actually fell in love with Earl Pfeiffer, but you will not believe it for a moment. For what should have been a genuine love emerged as a cheap and somewhat obscene affair. What should have been a *man*—Earl Pfeiffer, flashy but virile, stupid but commanding—became a hollow shell in the hands of Joseph Schildkraut.

In the minor roles there were fine, sensitive jobs contributed by Seth Arnold as the Christian Fronter, by John F. Hamilton as Jerry's Polish father, and by Art Smith as an irrelevant drunk. It is hard to believe in Robert Ryan or Katherine Locke as the extraneous young couple who make the pretty speeches, but it would be extremely difficult for any actor or actress to play these roles—they were not written. And it can be said unconditionally that practically no one in the country could have done a better job of Jerry Wilenski than Lee J. Cobb. Young Mr. Cobb is the finest tragic character actor on our stage. He combines his own great gifts with the best of what the Group Theater had to offer. Mr. Cobb so completely understood Jerry Wilenski (understood even what Odets had not written) that he stuck out of the play like a sore thumb, and he gave us the most beautifully ironic commentary on the star system we are likely to see. Everyone should go to see *Clash by Night*—to see Odets' new play, and to see Lee Cobb. In this role he is the complete embodiment of hundreds of men we have all known—unintellectual but full of the juice of humanity, kindly, well intentioned, powerful in his dimly understood emotions, subtle and wide and deep in the beauty of people. As an actor Cobb has such power and versatility that he had better be very careful—for he's still inclined to throw himself around too much, and he gets his effects with a little too much facility. Largely it is obvious that he approaches his work with the true artist's humility, and if he maintains that humility and tones down a tendency to what Broadway calls *schmaltz,* he will be a great artist, instead of merely the finest tragic character actor on our stage.

We must be grateful to Lee Cobb for understanding the people's loneliness, the people's yearning, and the people's love. And we must be grateful to Clifford Odets for giving us that character, as well as the indication, in *Clash by Night,* that he is trying to find his way back to the people he remembers. Only when he gets to them again, he may find that, unlike him, they have not stood still. They will be different from what he remembers. And once he is convinced that they are really moving forward, that they have actually taken the direction he pointed out for them in his early work, he will no longer be the poet of middle class frustration, but one of the major heralds of a better world.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Thumbs Down

Joy Davidman reviews three new films.

ONCE upon a time, perhaps, a wife actually did pretend to be someone else in order to reenchant her husband. If so, it was a pretty silly idea and probably didn't work. This obvious consideration does not deter film producers from using the idea twice or three times a year, at the cost of much money, much talent, and, as in the case of *Two-Faced Woman,* much trouble with the Legion of Decency. In this, Garbo's latest film, she pretends to be two other people, both of them dull.

As a rather grim teacher of skiing, she marries a magazine publisher, who is a combination of pompous ass and laughing jackass. As her own imaginary twin sister, an extremely grim gold digger, she recaptures him when he backslides into the arms of a lady playwright terrifyingly reminiscent of Clare Boothe. Neither the husband nor the audience is fooled for a moment; thus the masquerade becomes a pointless device for exhibiting Garbo in unbecoming undress. Wit in situ-

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ation and dialogue might have turned *Two-Faced Woman* into acceptable comedy, but S. N. Behrman's script is a masquerade in itself; small beer making a noise like champagne. The actors deliver their lines with a great affectation of having said something sparkling, and nobody laughs.

Scatterbrained plotting, moreover, keeps *Two-Faced Woman* unbelievable. Censorship instead of courtship precedes the marriage of the ski instructress; one moment she is being introduced to a Mr. Blake, the next moment she returns from a honeymoon with him. The censor, however, cannot be blamed for the irresponsible fashion in which the script, unable to resolve its accumulated misunderstandings, conveniently forgets them in order to end with a farcical run on skis and an embrace. The whole thing is grotesquely unworthy of its actors. The tragic and haunting Garbo of earlier years should not have been forced to do jitterbug dances with a frozen, unhappy smile on her face; she works like a demon, and at times she manages to bring some life to her material, as in a catty exchange with Constance Bennett as the lady playwright, or in an engaging hangover scene. But the better she is, the more shoddy her script appears. Similarly, Miss Bennett is completely wasted on brainless lines; the amusing Roland Young fights a losing battle with his material, and the enchanting Ruth Gordon takes infinite pains with a secretary's part that might just as well have been played by an electric refrigerator.

"THE SHANGHAI GESTURE" begins by displaying its screen credits on an underwater background, among nasty objects on the ocean floor. This may seem entirely irrelevant to the film's story; but not so. For the picture itself consists of cluttered shots of nasty backgrounds, against which occasional actors undulate like tropical fish. Plot, dialogue, acting, and direction all give off what Shakespeare called a most ancient and fish-like smell.

The Shanghai Gesture freely admits that it libels China, insisting repeatedly that all its most sensational scenes are mere fake to amuse the tourists. These half-hearted apologies leave the film with no excuse for being. Its plot is a tedious and tawdry affair of a wronged Chinese lady's laborious revenge on her white ex-husband through the corruption of his daughter, who, inevitably, turns out to be her own long-lost daughter too. Overlaid with dialogue of the I-know-you-Jack-Dalton-you-cur variety, this story has neither sense nor suspense.

Superbly miscast, the strident and blue-eyed Ona Munson turns Mother Gin-Sling, our Manchu aristocrat, into an acceptable New England schoolmarm, while Gene Tierney, as the degenerate girl, gasps, wriggles, and hiccups like a stranded sardine. Even Walter Huston, normally an agile actor, struggles feebly in the sticky goo of this film like Jean Valjean in the sewers of Paris. These unfortunates, however, are mere background to that

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fanciest of fancy goldfish, Victor Mature, who droops his eyelids, purses his cupid's bow mouth, and lolls his swanlike neck until you long to wring it.

The direction deserves a paragraph to itself, for seldom has a camera been handled worse. When at a loss, closeup, is Josef von Sternberg's motto, and his actors are forced to goggle their eyes at the audience for hours at a time. The pace of action and dialogue is incredibly languid; no one is even allowed a normal speed of gesture. Albert Basserman, present at a dinner party, has no lines and nothing to do with the action, but from time to time von Sternberg appears to remember that he is there and that he has an interesting head. Therefore, from time to time, the action is interrupted by the same closeup of Albert Basserman's head. I wish it were von Sternberg's, on a platter.

"WEIRD SHOCKERS" are quickly made B films which often provide more intelligent technique and more subtle artistry than most A pictures. With this in mind, I went to *The Wolf Man*. I was wrong.

The slipshod hurry which gave its cast no time to master their lines also led this film to do cruel violence to the ancient and honorable tradition of lycanthropy. The werewolf legend is impressive when properly handled; a film treatment from the angle of modern psychiatry might make a great picture. In *The Wolf Man*, unfortunately, only the usual misty woods, draughty castles, and foggy minds are in evidence. Claude Rains, Lon Chaney, Jr., and other capable ghouls are wasted on feeble parts. But Maria Ouspenskaya as an old gypsy brings *The Wolf Man* to life for several freezing moments. She says two words quietly, and you believe in werewolves.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Paul Draper's Art

His recent recital at Carnegie Hall with Larry Adler and J. Calvin Jackson.

EVERY art has its problems which critics mull over for many years, usually far from and then again very near their solution. Such problems generally have to do with content and form (one vs. the other), structure and expression (otherwise known as classicism and romanticism, also one vs. the other), or with the power and limitation of certain techniques and instruments. The curious thing about such problems is that while the critics never are trying to solve them, an artist finally comes along and *dis*solves them. He does what the critics decided could not be done. He widens the content by bursting through the form, strengthens the structure by intensifying the expression, and plays the instrument as it's never been played before.

Tap dancing was out of the question as an art—until Paul Draper made it one. Bach on a harmonica, a mere mouth organ, is absurd—until you've heard Larry Adler. The cheering and whistling which broke the custo-

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GOINGS ON

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by JOSEPH STAROBIN, Editor, New Masses, Sun., Jan. 11th, 8:30 P.M., Workers School, 35 E. 12 St. Adm. 25c.

mary etiquette of Carnegie Hall recently at the Draper-Adler recital were not just a tribute to good playing and dancing. They voiced something much greater and warmer, the response of people to still another revelation of the manifold forms of creative expression which human beings can achieve.

Even deeper, they voiced the instant response of people to the sense of freedom which these two artists are so able to impart. Freedom of movement, freedom from conventional feelings about what is proper and improper in art, but above all, the freedom of the individual to express the richness and variety of the world. Discipline itself becomes a facet of this freedom, down to the lightest weighted tap of the dancer's toe or the swift flutter of the player's breath in a flamenco passage.

Seen in this light, other questions fall into their proper, if lesser place. It is no longer so important to ponder whether the dance should or should not predominate over the music. Draper's art is definitely an art for eyes *and* ears *and* muscles; the attention passes from seeing to hearing and back again with imperceptible rapidity. So the answer is given already—if the body responds as a whole to the parallel structures of sight and sound, then these elements as employed by the artists are inseparable. All similar questions become academic because if the performance doesn't convince you, nothing will.

An evening of Bach and De Falla, Gershwin and boogie woogie, each partaking of the style of the composer, the dancer and the instrument. Adler did not pretend to be a violinist. Draper did not try to imitate what the music might be supposed to represent. In this way they made harmonica playing and tap dancing arts in their own right.

Finally, there was the masterly playing of the Negro pianist, J. Calvin Jackson, whom the audience clearly regarded as much more than an accompanist. The unaffected cooperative warmth of the three performers in their work together reached everyone like a strong wind. This too explains why they cheered instead of just clapping.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

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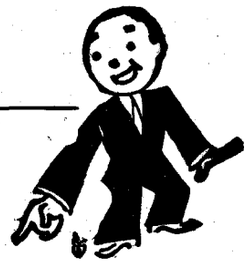

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Dear Reader:

With this week's issue, NEW MASSES officially opens its campaign for 5,000 new subscribers. Elsewhere in this magazine we sketched the work of NM before the outbreak of war. Today—in wartime—our duties are greater than ever in our history. Today—we, you, all of us, must be soldiers in the common fight.

You will agree with us that clarity is essential to morale. Morale is one of the three prerequisites of modern warfare—men, material, morale, is the way the military men put it. If the truth is brought home, if the mind is cleared for action, then maximum action will result.

We are beginning with a program for 5,000 new subscribers. It is not a great deal to ask; it can only be looked upon as a beginning. It will mean 5,000 new first class fighters who will have the clarity, the reasons, to inspire their fellows for full action—for the necessary all-out effort that will bring victory.

We have outlined in the past few issues some of our proposals for the drive. To make it easier for all your friends to subscribe (and we hope you will get all your friends to do so), NEW MASSES is introducing a new easy payment plan. You can obtain a year's subscription by a down payment of a dollar, and four subsequent monthly dollar payments until the subscription is paid in full. Next week we shall publish a list of premiums for those who bring in five or more new subscribers.

We will keep you informed as to how this particular battle goes. We urge you to write us and give us the benefit of your experiences in getting new readers.

We are sure you will do your part in winning this campaign. More next week.

THE EDITORS.

NEW MASSES, 461 Fourth Avenue, New York City

☐ Enclosed, you will find $5.00 for which you may send me one year of NEW MASSES.

☐ Enclosed, you will find $1.00 for my year's subscription to NEW MASSES. I will send a dollar a month for the next four months until the subscription is paid in full.

Name.....

Address.....

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